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"The Glory of God is Intelligence."

VOL. XI. NOVEMBER, 1907. NO. 1

"Serve the Lord with gladness: come
before his presence with singing. Know
ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that
hath made us, and not we ourselves; we
are his people, and the sheep of his pas-
ture. Enter into his gates with thanks-
giving, and unto his courts with praise:
be thankful unto him and bless his name.
For the Lord is good: his mercy is ever-
lasting: and his truth endureth to all
generations."—Psalms 100.

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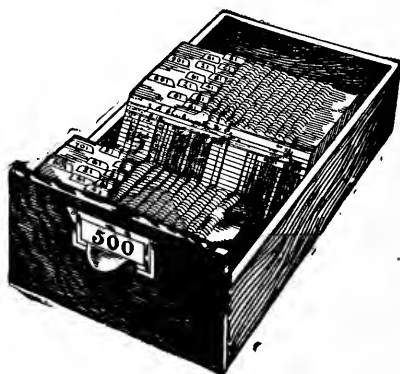
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IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. XI.

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No. 1

LOST SCRIPTURES.

BY FREDERIC CLIFT, A. B., M. D.

In a previous article* we considered more particularly the history and value of certain historical and alleged scripture writings, which, because of their uncertain origin and authority, have been excluded from the several canons of Sacred Writ. Many of these writings, however, were read in the public services of the early Church, and in addition were largely quoted from by the ancient Fathers in their theological discussions and treatises. They became, however, early corrupted by both intentional and unintentional omissions and interpolations; and to such an extent was this carried, that they are called the Apocryphal, or doubtful, Scriptures. Many authorities consider them to be absolutely spurious. Modern revelation reveals to the Latter-day Saints the fact that whilst "there are many things contained therein [the Apocrypha] that are true, and it is mostly translated correctly; there are many things contained therein that are not true, which are interpolations by the hands of men." † In addition to these, however, we have traces of certain "Lost Scriptures" of, as yet, unascertained value, which are liable to be found at any time. Some

* IMPROVEMENT ERA, Vol. X, p. 849, "Apocryphal and Lost Scriptures."

† Doc. and Cov., sec. 91: 1-2.

of them are mentioned or referred to in the commonly accepted books of our Bible, but no recognized or authentic copies are known to exist. Alleged copies of some are claimed by a few critics to be authentic, but they are not accepted as such by Biblical authorities, even to the extent of being classed as Apocryphal. Among such "Lost Scriptures" we find the following:

1. Book of the Wars of Jehovah. Nu. 21: 14.
2. Book of Jasher. Jos. 10: 13.
3. Book of the Statutes of the Kingdom of Israel. I Sam. 10: 25.
4. Book of Acts of Solomon. I Ki. 11: 41.
5. Book of Chronicles of the Kings of Israel. I Ki. 14: 19.
6. Book of Nathan the Prophet. I Ch. 29: 29.
7. Book of Gad the Seer. I Ch. 29: 29.
8. Book of Ahijah the Prophet. II Ch. 9: 29.
9. Book of Iddo the Seer. II Ch. 9: 29.
10. Book of Shemaiah the Prophet. II Ch. 12: 15.
11. Book of the Story of the Prophet Iddo. II Ch. 13: 22.
12. Book of Jehu. II Ch. 20: 34.
13. Book of the Sayings of the Seers. II Ch. 33: 19.
14. Book of the Story of the Kings. II Ch. 24: 29.
15. A third Epistle of Paul to Corinthians. Not found in N. T. I Cor. 5: 9.
16. A fourth Epistle of Paul to Corinthians. Not found in N. T. II Cor. 2: 3 and 7: 8.
17. A previous Epistle of Paul to Ephesians. Not found in N. T. Eph. 3: 3.
18. A previous Epistle of Paul to Colossians, from Laodicea. Col. 4: 16.
19. A previous Epistle of Jude. Jude. 3.
20. The Prophecy of Enoch. Jude. 14.
21. The many different Writers before Luke. Luke 1: 1-3.

Recalling the history of the Bible, we find that it is composed of a collection of sixty-six books or volumes of scripture. At the Council of Carthage, 397 A. D., these sixty-six books were held to be sacred, and inspired by God himself, whilst many others were held to be Apocryphal, doubtful or spurious, and were in consequence rejected by the bishops at that council. All the original manuscripts of both the accepted and rejected books are lost or destroyed. We are therefore compelled to rely upon copies made by scribes from the original manuscripts prior to their loss or destruction. This work being done by hand, prior to the discovery of the art of printing, the mistakes of the transcriber—oftentimes merely a copyist and not a linguist—whether intentional or otherwise, were perpetuated and added to in the subsequent copies. By

comparing the copies one with another it has been possible to build up certain texts, which have been accepted by Bible students as fairly accurate transcripts of that which the original manuscripts must have contained. All critical translators accept the following as being the most ancient and reliable copies yet discovered:

1. The Vatican, or Codex "B." This copy is now at Rome, in the custody of the Western or Latin-Roman Church.
2. The Sinaitic, or Codex "Alept." This copy is now at St. Petersburg, in the custody of the Eastern or Greek-Russian Church.
3. The Alexandrian, or Codex "A." This copy is now at the British Museum, London. It is a treasure of the English or Anglican and Protestant Churches.

The Alexandrian copy was formerly in the possession of Cyrilus, Patriarch of Constantinople. It was by him presented to King Charles I, of England, in the year 1628, A. D., seventeen years after the publication of the King James, or Authorized Version of the English Bible, and therefore too late to be of service in the preparation of that translation.

In addition to these standard copies, made in the language in which they were originally written, there are innumerable translations or so called versions, which have been made into the more modern languages of Christendom from the original Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldaic, Greek and other languages. Many of these, as well as perhaps original manuscripts, were purposely hidden, and being still undiscovered, are classed as "lost scriptures." The reasons for such concealment are found in the fact that during the several periods of persecution, it was often necessary to hide the Christian Scriptures, not only for their preservation, but also to conceal evidence which would have been sufficient to send those in possession of them to a martyr's death. Death, however, came to many who had no opportunity after their arrest to disclose to their associates the hiding places of these sacred treasures. Scientific research in Egypt and Asia has, however, already led to the recovery of many valuable records; and, as the hiding place of the plates of the Book of Mormon was revealed to Joseph Smith by direct revelation, it is reasonable to suppose that God may in his own due time—in like manner—reveal other records, as our necessities may require. The spirit of investigation is abroad among

the peoples of the earth. English, German, French, Americans, and others, have investigators in the various fields in which Archeological records may be found, and are vieing with one another in their efforts to unfold and obtain a correct estimate of their value. Some are anxious to establish the truth of the sacred historical record, as given to us in the Bible, by accurate and reverent investigation; whilst others seek to negative and minimize the confirmatory evidence arising from the cumulative effects of such discoveries, by destructive criticisms. The sustained efforts to recover the records of the past, from the tombs of Egypt and the libraries of the old eastern monasteries, have resulted in many important discoveries, which tend to establish our belief in the "God of Heaven"—the "Living God" and to discredit the theosophical worship of science. Among the records already discovered are fragments of gospels and epistles, which, with more or less evidence of truth, are alleged to have been written by the associates of our blessed Lord: as also some of more recent date. Further discoveries of inscribed tablets in the ruins of Babylonia, Assyria, etc., largely confirm the truth of the history as given to us in the Old Testament. The Book of Mormon establishes the origin and identity of the American Indian, and in due time, other scriptures may be brought forth from their hiding places for the encouragement and enlightenment of the children of men. Possibly we, as Latter-day Saints, may be negligent along these lines of investigation, and are not making diligent and prayerful efforts to obtain the further records, which we know to exist, of the Jaredites, the Nephites, and the Lamanites—the old time inhabitants of this continent.

Following, however, in the footsteps of those who have already done so much for the recovery of the records of the ancient people of Asia, the way is being opened for scientific exploration of the buried cities and prehistoric ruins of America. The University of Chicago has had an exploring party in the Asiatic field of archeology for several years. The University of Utah, as also the Brigham Young University, have seemingly adopted the idea of, "explore Asia if you will, but explore America first," by sending exploring parties to the south-eastern portions of Utah, and through Mexico and Central America, to the northern portion of South America, with the most promising results.

In Palenque, Chiapas, Copan, Quiragna, Izamal, Uxmal, Chichen-Itza, and other ancient cities of the Mayas, Toltecs, and Aztecs in Central America and Mexico, are to be found temples, palaces, statues and bas-reliefs, strikingly similar to, and rivalling in beauty and splendor, those of Egypt, Babylon, Assyria, Media and Palestine. Where are the "Lost Records or Scriptures" of the people who built these cities?

Le Plongeon, a noted explorer and author tells us:

The country known today as Yucatan, one of the states of the Mexican confederacy, may indeed be justly regarded by the ethnologist, the geologist, the naturalist, the philologist, the archeologist, and the historian, as a most interesting field of study. Its area of 73,000 square miles, covered with dense forests, is literally strewn with the ruins of numerous antique cities, majestic temples, stately palaces, the work of learned architects, now heaps of debris, crumbling under the inexorable tooth of time, and the impious hand of iconoclastic collectors of relics for museums. Among these the statues of priests and kings, mutilated and defaced by the action of the elements, the hand of time and that of man, lie prostrate in the dust. Walls covered with bas-reliefs, inscriptions and sculptures carved in marble, containing the panegyrics of rulers, the history of the nation, its cosmogonical traditions, the ancient religious rites and observances of its people, inviting decipherment, attract the attention of the traveler. * * *

Now mark Le Plongeon's statement as to the whereabouts of their "Lost Records:"

At the time of the invasion of the country by the turbulent and barbaric Nahutals, the books containing the record of the ancient traditions of the history of past ages, from the settlement of the Peninsula by its primitive inhabitants, *had been carefully hidden (and have so remained to this day) by the learned philosophers and the wise priests* who had charge of the libraries, in the temples and colleges, *in order to save the precious volumes* from the hands of the barbarous tribes from the west. These, entering the country from the south, came spreading ruin and destruction. They destroyed the principal cities: the images of the heroes, of the great men, of the celebrated women that adorned the public squares and edifices. This invasion took place in the year 522 or thereabout of the Christian era—according to the opinion of modern computators.*

Joseph Smith, the inspired Prophet of God, fixes this date in the following statement:

More than four hundred and twenty years have passed away since the sign was given of the coming [birth] of Christ.†

* *Queen Moo and The Egyptian Sphinx*, by Augustus Le Plongeon, Intro. p. 27.

† Book of Mormon. Moroni 10: 1. Helaman 14: 4.

IMPROVEMENT ERA.

Dr. Le Plongeon is not a follower of Joseph Smith, and does not believe in his divine mission, or in the inspiration of the Book of Mormon. He refuses to recognize Joseph Smith as a competent "modern computator." He, however, spent many years in excavating and uncovering the secret chambers, and the many mysteries of these cities. He, today, asserts and believes that the records and history of these prehistoric peoples were "hidden by their philosophers and priests," but he fails to recognize the hand of God, and although a forerunner in the work of archeological research, it was not given to him to bring these records forth. The Lord's work, however, is not to be hindered by the unwillingness of men to recognize his divine power. Where, then, are we to look for these hidden records? Our Father will indicate the place, for when—the "times and seasons" according to his "determinate counsel and foreknowledge" shall have been fulfilled—he will sweep aside the barriers, which now prevent a thorough examination of the tombs and monuments of departed races; and the very stones will cry out and declare the power of the Most High. He who runs may read the history of the primitive races of this country, not only as found in the buried cities of Yucatan, but also in the hieroglyphics blazoned on the rocks of Utah and the other pristine abodes of a yet almost unknown people. As the miner has faith, and in consequence of that faith seeks for the gold and precious metals of the earth, so let us have the necessary faith to seek for knowledge, in the historic relics of the past—the buried cities of this continent—knowing well that archeological and scientific investigation will confirm the truth in part disclosed to us in the Book of Mormon. Geology forces the scientist to recognize conditions which can be readily accounted for by the happening of the event known to Biblical readers as the flood. Ethnological facts compel these same men to acknowledge a scattering of the people and a confounding of their language; as also that where these scattered families have further separated themselves and filled up the vacant places of the earth, they have carried with them in their several languages a common stock or root. A comparison of the Maya letters or symbols with those of the Chaldaic, Arabic, Hebrew and Egyptian languages, indicates to Le Plongeon's satisfaction that the Maya race possesses this root of a

common language. Today, archeology compels the scientist to acknowledge that the already discovered relics of the Mayas of Yucatan, indicate their Asiatic origin, whilst Le Plongeon suggests and seeks to prove,—from the fact that the civilization of Egypt sprung up suddenly, as in a night,—that Egypt was colonized from America by these same Mayas under the leadership of Queen Moo of Yucatan, and that the Maya race were already in possession of the highest arts of civilization. These facts, and the inferences to be derived therefrom, show that during the past fifty years the belief has taken root, and that there is now a general consensus of opinion in favor of the theory, that the American Indian is of Asiatic origin. On the other hand, what has Theology to say in regard to the Ethnological origin of these, our ‘Native Races?’ The Bible tells us that after the flood—“in his [Peleg’s] days was the earth divided” *—“and the whole earth was of one language and of one speech and it came to pass as they journeyed *in* the east, * * Jehovah said * * come, let us go down and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another’s speech. So Jehovah scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth.” † We also read, in certain miraculously recovered Scriptures which had been hidden or lost, that at the time this took place there were two brothers—and that one of them named Jared requested the other—a man highly favored of the Lord—to “cry unto the Lord that he will not confound us that we may not understand our words.” ‡ The Lord granted their request and allowed them and their families to keep together, and promised to bless them and their seed. It is stated that they traveled northward, and “that the Lord did go before them and did talk with them,” and that they “did build barges in which they did cross many waters, being directed continually by the hand of the Lord;” and that they came “forth even unto the land of promise which was choice above all other lands.” § This “Lost Record” of Jared, who lived about 2,200 B.C., also relates the history of certain other

* Gen. 10: 25, Amer. Rev., 1901.

† Gen. 11: 1-8, Amer. Rev., 1901.

‡ Book of Mormon. Ether, Chap. 1: 34.

§ Book of Mormon. Ether 2: 5-7.

families, who left Jerusalem in Asia, and came to this continent of America some 600 years before the birth of Christ. It describes their cities, habits of life, and their wars. It also gives the name of the founder and the origin of the beautiful buildings, palaces and temples, described by Le Plongeon, as follows:

And it came to pass that King Noah built many elegant and spacious buildings; and he ornamented them with fine work of wood, and of all manner of precious things, of gold, and of silver, and of iron, and of brass, and of ziff, and of copper; and he also built him a spacious palace, and a throne in the midst thereof, all of which was of fine wood, and was ornamented with gold and silver, and with precious things. And he also caused that his workmen should work all manner of fine work within the walls of the temple, of fine wood, and of copper, and of brass. * * * And it came to pass that he caused many buildings to be built in the land Shilom; and he caused a great tower to be built on the hill north of the land Shilom, which had been a resort for the children of Nephi, at the time they fled out of the land.*

These recent explorers repudiate the idea that they consulted this "Lost Record," when they prepared their account of these cities and dwelling places of the Mayas, Toltecs and Aztecs. Nevertheless, the chief facts of the "record" are found to accord with the conditions found to exist today: and although these records confirm their scientific discoveries, they are declared by the wise and learned to have been a pure invention and fraudulent, chiefly on the ground that Joseph Smith claimed to have received them in a miraculous manner, as also, *mirabile dictu*, to have translated them under Divine inspiration. But whether miraculous or not, many of the most important facts of this record were unknown to the scientific men of 1828-1830, although known to Joseph Smith and by him published in 1830.

"Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?" †
 "Therefore, behold, I will again do a marvelous work among this people, even a marvelous work and a wonder, and the wisdom of their wise men shall perish, and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid." ‡ Can it be urged with any degree of reason, that this ignorant boy could have invented and published

* Book of Mormon. Mosiah 11: 8-13.

† 1 Cor. 1: 20.

‡ Isa. 29: 14; Amer. Rev., 1901.

not merely one, but a number or series of historical facts which fifty years or more after his death,—by archeological and other scientific research,—are found to be absolutely true and correct? It is incredible, and those who are willing to probe into all the circumstances are driven to accept the fact that the records are true, and that Joseph Smith the uneducated youth must have been inspired when he made the translation of the recovered records. Consider, the Maya letters and symbols were at the time,—1830,—unknown, but a transcript of a portion of the Book of Mormon records having been submitted to Professor Anthon, a philologist of repute, he reported that the letters or symbols of that record resembled Chaldaic, Assyriac, Egyptian and Arabic characters. What a coincidence that these self-same letters and symbols of the record should be similar to those *since found* by Le Plongeon to have been used by the Mayas. What does the record itself say?—Nephi, one of the recorders writes: “I make a record in the language of my father, which consists of the learning of the Jews and the language of the Egyptians.”* Another of the writers, Mormon, after whom the record is named, says, “And now behold, we have written this record according to our knowledge in the characters, which are called among us the reformed Egyptian, being handed down and altered by us, according to our manner of speech. And if our plates had been sufficiently large, we should have written in Hebrew; but the Hetrew hath been altered by us also.”† This interesting question in philology is only one of many others which has to be explained by the scientist, if Joseph Smith was a fraud, and not an inspired translator of the record. The recovery of the “Lost Records” is in accord with our Father’s providential dealings with his children. He has been a revealer of secrets by the mouth of his holy prophets since the world began: and in the recovery of a portion of those relating to this continent—the Book of Mormon, we see only the fulfilment of the promises relating to these latter days. He has declared that this American continent was the home of our first parents. Is it impossible or incredible? Wherein lay

* Book of Mormon. I Nephi 1: 1-2. Mosiah 1: 2-6.

† Book of Mormon. Mormon 9: 32-33 and notes.

the superiority of the Eastern hemisphere, that we should doubt the word of God? The Bible nowhere indicates the location of Paradise, except by general reference to geographical names such as Euphrates, etc.; these names being used since the Noachian dispensation to indicate certain places in Asia, which might just as readily refer to the Missouri and other known American locations. Some of the early Church Fathers expressed the belief that their ancestors came from a far off country in the West; but the idea was lost sight of, and was not clothed with any kind of reality until after Joseph Smith had declared such to be the case. If Joseph was the clever fraud that some would have us believe, he surely missed the mark, it seems to me, when he asserted himself to be a Prophet of God, and the recipient of angelic visitations, and thus placed himself in the one position of all others in which he would be hated of all men. He should have posed as a scientist, an ethnologist, or archeologist—an Agnostic or Unitarian, and, as such, been acclaimed a wise man instead of a fraud. If Tyndale, Huxley, Ingersoll, Payne, Darwin and others had advanced their theories in the name or under a religious sanction, some of them would probably have been hounded to death. On the other hand, the flag of infidelity, coupled with his admittedly wonderful gifts, would have carried Joseph Smith to the highest pinnacle of fame, if he had been other than a believer in the power and desire of God to reveal himself to his children. Science has no doubt led to the discovery of many of the secrets of the past history of the nations; if, however, it be coupled with the Divine blessings, there is no reason to doubt but that men will be led to discoveries which will far exceed any yet made. One of the most recent and notable is that of Brugsch Bey, the great Egyptologist, who has found an inscription, telling how the Nile failed to rise for seven years in succession about 1700 years before the Christian Era, and how that a long and terrible famine was the consequence. Now, B. C. 1700 is the date recognized as the beginning of the "seven lean years," suffered by the land of Pharaoh after the king had dreamt of them, and Joseph had expounded his dream. Nothing is so astonishing and so calculated to establish our faith, as the confirmation, bit by bit, of the Sacred

Scriptures through the enterprise of explorers and excavators, and the perseverance of our scholars.

It is part of the belief of the Latter-day Saints, as I view it, that it is necessary for God's children to put forth every effort to help themselves before they return to him empty-handed. We know that, as fathers and mothers, we sometimes place slight obstacles in the way of our children, or give them somewhat difficult lessons in order to draw out their capabilities, and thus give opportunities for instruction. When the lesson has been learnt, the burden is removed, and a free gift of that which has been earnestly sought for, often follows. As the heavenly is a pattern of the earthly, we may draw the conclusion that when our Father in heaven finds us willing to follow his lead, he gives us all that we ask for, and frequently something more.

May it not be our duty to seek for the "Lost Records, or Scriptures" of the forefathers of the native races of this country, the Jaredites, the Nephites, and the Lamanites? Dr. Le Plongeon tells us they will be found "carefully hidden by the learned philosophers and the wise priests," and that they will be recovered from the "ruins of numerous antique cities, majestic temples, stately palaces, now heaps of debris, crumbling under the inexorable tooth of time." This offers a tempting field to the believer in the Book of Mormon. Further investigation will, in the good time of the Father, disclose the dwelling place of the Ten Tribes in Arsa-reth and put us in possession of the additional scriptures which have been given to them, during their sojourn there, apart and separated from their brethren. The vision showing the conditions connected with their future return should be of interest to the Saints: "Then dwelt they there until the latter time; and now when they shall begin to come, the Highest shall stay the springs of the stream again, that they may go through; therefore sawest thou the multitude with peace. But those that be left behind of thy people are they that are found within my borders. Now when he destroyeth the multitude of the nations that are gathered together, he shall defend his people that remain. And then shall he show them great wonders." *

* II Esdras 13: 46-50.

The records of the past, I believe, are within our grasp, perhaps within our very view, if we had but the eye of faith. When we have diligently done all that we can, and lived in full practice of the scriptures we already have, and the "times and seasons" of the Father are fulfilled, then further records will doubtless be forthcoming—miraculously, perhaps, as in the case of the Book of Mormon—for the confounding of his enemies and the advancement of his work. Until the Father directs our course of action, let us all strive to so educate our minds and bodies that we may fit ourselves for the toil and labor incident to the great work connected with the opening up of these treasures when God shall "show great wonders."

A concluding paper on this subject will be entitled "A Third Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians," as found in the Armenian Bible.

Provo, Utah.

THE STORM GOD.

(For the Improvement Era.)

There cometh with lowering brow,
Out from the gates of the west,
The awful god of storms
Filled with a great unrest.

When he roars his stern commands,
The echo shakes the hills;
When he hurls his javelins of fire,
Man's heart with terror thrills.

Beneath his "Juggernaut car,"
The forest kings bow down,
He lays in waste the fields,
He leaves in ruin the town.

He laughs at the might of men,
And scorns their puny power,
And the patient work of years,
He levels in an hour.

He driveth his steeds—the winds,
O'er mountain, valley and sea,
Then turns to his home in the skies,
And earth from his reign is free.

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BY DR. JOSEPH M. TANNER.

I—FARM LIFE.

Being a farmer, I would like to tell your readers something about a farmer's life and a farmer's philosophy. Farmers are really philosophers, and have theories about life which perhaps most of them are too timid to express. You know, the classification of society changes. In ancient Rome the merchant belonged to the inferior type. Today, in America, he is at the top, especially if he makes money. In Russia, a man who tills the soil is a mujik, an object of pity; in France he is a peasant, a man with a hoe, a degenerated specimen of a higher type that once existed; in America he is a farmer, and he really prefers to be called a farmer, though there are many who are trying with commendable zeal to uplift his profession and call him an agriculturist.

Now the business of farming, however scientific it becomes, should really make a man a farmer. But someone will ask me, What is the real difference between a farmer and an agriculturist? Sometime ago I read a joke, which like many jokes tell the truth in a fascinating way, and that, too, without offense. Someone was asked what the difference was between an agriculturist and a farmer. The reply which contained both wit and philosophy was that an agriculturist is a man who makes his money in the city and goes on a farm to spend it, while a farmer is a man who makes his money on the farm and goes into the city to spend it. The gist of the answer really was that the farmer is the man who does things, while the agriculturist talks and experiments. It took us farmers a long time to pronounce correctly the word, agriculturist, and when we became slightly familiar with such exalted language,

the modern agriculturist created for us a new difficulty. We are now, if you please, agronomists.

My neighbor is a farmer. He was once a school teacher. He uses good English, reads the newspapers, and is abreast current events. What makes him an interesting man is the fact that he can do things. He says that his father was a farmer, a successful farmer, that his father really enjoyed farm life, and that he himself really likes work on the farm, because he inherited a desire to do things, and that after all there is more pleasure in doing than most people imagine. He says he likes to talk, but finds there is more real joy in what he does than in what he says, when he is doing and saying things that are proper and good.

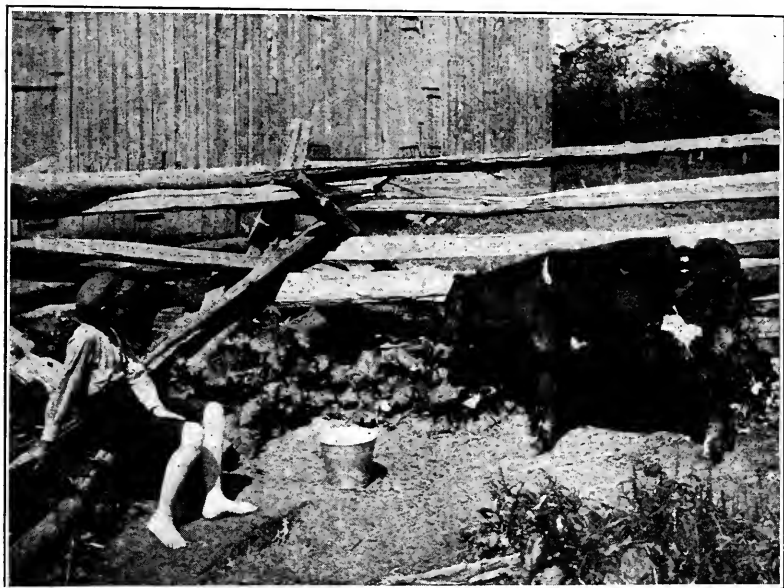
I am told that some boys stick up their noses at the idea of farming. Now I suspect that such boys are guilty of a folly of that kind, not because they really know what farming means, but there is nothing above their noses to keep them down, and that they would rise anyhow. You know there are some people who can stick up their noses without much effort.

The life of the farmer is changing. When modern methods and the improvements that come along with civilized life made themselves felt on the farm, and especially when they made money-making on the farm easy, people began to have more respect for the occupation. Today the farmer is sometimes greatly in need of intelligence—intelligence coupled with the willingness and the ability to do things, and to do things at the right time. The man who is successful on the farm is the man who is full of plans, who thinks, and then works to his plans and materializes his thoughts. When our young men really learn to appreciate the reward which the farming of the future will bestow upon its devotees, they will take more kindly to the work. Old fashioned farming will then be a thing of the past, just as old fashioned school teaching, old fashioned mechanics, and old fashioned merchants, are passing away.

I wonder how many of our boys have heard of what certain men are doing on the farm in the southern part of Cache valley, what some ambitious beet growers are yearly adding to their stock of wealth. It would pay a young man to visit Bishop Farrell of Smithfield and accept his hospitality for a week. A pilgrimage to

Juab bench to see the Grace Brothers and the Paxmans would be remunerative. A winter in the school room with Dr. Widtsoe to the young man who possesses energy and intelligence would be the guarantee of a good future income. There are, today, perhaps, more openings on the farm, in stock-raising, fruit-raising, as well as in the cultivation of grain, than in any other occupation open to the youth of our country.

Then, the farm is a source of real pleasure that no other occupation in life gives. It is peculiarly the occupation of pleasure



FARM FAVORITES. .

in that it guards young men against so many ailments that tell against their happiness in other work. The man on the farm has rarely any quarrel with his stomach. His sleep is never disturbed except when he finds it necessary to get up unusually early. The farm offers no temptation to exaggerate, and it teaches daily the virtue of telling the truth. It is quite impossible on the farm to make things appear other than what they really are!

Besides the good health which the farm gives, it is one of the best expounders of true religion, and it promotes faith in the heart of the conscientious man who tills the soil. There is ever present the thought that whatever he may do, God must give the increase. Sometimes a man becomes indifferent, sometimes uninterrupted harvests diminish the trustful and hopeful reliance in a Providential care. Then a drought comes; a hail storm pays him a visit; then he sits down amidst the ruins of his disappointments to reflect upon the uncertainties of life and the necessity of a heartfelt preparation to meet them.

But the farm also makes a man a philosopher, provided, of course, he ever reflects. In the articles to follow, I would like to tell my young readers about the philosophy of the farm. They may think a farmer is not much of a philosopher because he does not read all the time. But reading all the time is one of the things which keeps many of our young people from thinking part of the time. If many read less and thought more, they would build up about their lives a philosophical aspect to things. A farmer's philosophy may not always meet the requirements of a logician; it does something better than that, however, it meets the requirements of his own individual life. The farmer may get a philosophy that is practically good, even if it be not always theoretically correct. The philosophy that goes beyond the comprehension of the ordinary man may be the delight of the scholar, but it does not afford any real guide for the working principles of life. Farm life encourages serious and helpful reflections. How I think, and what I think, while at work on the farm, will be, if the editor finds no objection, the subjects of a number of articles entitled, *The Thoughts of a Farmer*.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Alberta, Canada.

REWARDS.

I say to you that there are rewards which are unknown to him who seeks only what he regards as the substantial ones. The best of all is the pure joy of service. To do things that are worth doing, to be in the thick of it, ah! that is to live.—SECRETARY WM. H. TAFT.

ROMANCE OF A MISSIONARY.

BY NEPHI ANDERSON, AUTHOR OF "ADDED UPON," "THE CASTLE
BUILDER," ETC.

I.

GETTING "WET OVER."

It looked as if it might rain any minute. One of the elders was fearful that it would, the other that it would not. If the water from the black overhanging clouds come down in actual drops instead of in a fine misty drizzle, why, of course, the street meeting would have to be abandoned,—and this is what Elder Willard Dean half prayed in his heart would happen.

I said "half prayed" because there was a struggle in the mind of the young man. He was a newly arrived elder, having been in England only a few weeks. He had accompanied Elder Walter Donaldson, his companion, to a number of street meetings, but as yet, he had not been required to take part in them to any great extent. This evening his companion had intimated that it was time he was testing his voice in the open, and this is the reason why the young man walked with fear and trembling throughout the crowded street.

The streets of an English manufacturing city are usually crowded on Saturday evening. The mills have closed early; the young men and women have been home, have had their "tea," have changed their work garments to cleaner ones, and are now promenading the streets, enjoying the freedom of the open. They are a happy, merry crowd, exchanging greetings and banterings as they pass and repass, the girls ahead linked arm in arm, the young men following.

This Saturday evening, in this particular English city of Bradford, there appeared to be an unusually large crowd. The weather had been wet all week, but now the clouds had lifted for a few hours, the sun had shone for a few minutes through the murky, yellow mist, and these favorable tokens had, no doubt, brought out the people. However, the clouds had again lowered, and the rain was once more threatening.

The young "Mormon" elders pushed themselves carefully through the crowd, looking for a good corner on which to hold a meeting. Here, certainly, were people enough, to form an audience but these were not the kind that stopped and listened to a street preacher; besides, the police would not allow a blockade in the principal thoroughfares; they, therefore, went on to a part of the city less densely packed.

Elder Dean slipped his hand into his companion's arm as they walked along. He looked up to the sky, then at the mass of the humanity around him, and then into the face of Elder Donaldson; but in none of these did he find any hope of relief for the task that was before him. How could he stand out there on the pavement and raise his voice so that people would stop and listen to him! If they would only *not* stop nor listen, it might not be so bad, but likely, some at least would. They would look closely into his face, and listen carefully to every stammering word that he would utter. They would see his nervous, awkward manner, they would mark well his faltering speech. Oh, if it would only rain!

Willard Dean clasped his friend's arm tighter, and drew up closer. "Brother," said he, "don't call on me tonight. I feel as though I can't do it."

"But you must begin sometime, you know, and this evening is as good a time as any. Brace up, my boy, and trust in the Lord."

"Yes, I know, but you can't conceive how I feel—"

"Can't I? I haven't forgotten my first experience in London. But, Brother, let me assure you, it is not so bad as it appears. There is really nothing to fear. An English crowd will hurt no one."

"It isn't that, at all. I'm afraid of myself more than the people."



Drawn by Denzil Long for the ERA.

"Yes, I am a 'Mormon,'" shouted Willard Dean, "and I am not ashamed of it."

"Listen," said Elder Donaldson, "do you remember when as boys we went swimming?"

"Yes."

"Well, you remember what a time it was to wet over. We would stand on the bank shivering and hesitating, afraid of the cold water. A shower of water from someone splashing in the creek was not very pleasant; but once we plunged bravely in and got well wet over, everything was all right and swimming was great fun. Well, this missionary work is very much like that. An elder must get 'wet over' and keep 'wet over' or he is in misery all the time. Here is a good corner for a meeting."

Elder Donaldson stepped out from the pavement a short distance into a bystreet where he would not be interfering with the traffic. He took his hymn book from his pocket and began looking for something to sing. While he was thus occupied, Elder Dean came and stood by him. The crowd became merely a blur to him. He thought that as a boy and even as a young man he had been called upon to do some unpleasant duties, but none could equal this one. What was praying in Sunday School, lecturing in Mutual, ward teaching, or chopping wood for the ward widows, compared with this! The young man fairly trembled as his companion raised his voice in a song, in which he was expected to join.

The men were fairly good singers, but this evening they seemed to be out of both tune and time. People were attracted more by the disharmony than by the music. The street was well lighted by the lamps in the shop windows, and the missionaries could plainly see the grin on many of the faces of their listeners. Just before the close of the second stanza, something went wrong. The tune came to its natural and proper end, but there were more words to come in the song, and so there was a very bad mix up. However, Elder Donaldson announced the purpose of their visit on the streets of the city, and then he offered a short prayer.

By this time quite a number of people had gathered. Elder Donaldson spoke on the first principles of the gospel, and he was listened to quite attentively. When he closed, he took his hat

from his companion and said to him, "All right, bear your testimony."

The young man bared his head and stepped out into the circle. At that moment a number of men stopped, and then pushed their way to the inner circle where they stood listening. The young missionary had not spoken many words before one of these men shouted directly at him:

"You are a liar!"

Willard Dean was born and reared in Western America, where no man calls another a liar unless he stands ready to back it up by the power of his fists, or at times with weapons more deadly. Willard Dean suddenly awoke from his frightened stupor. The words stung him. They cleared his brain, and the muscles of his limbs became tense.

Elder Donaldson gripped his arm tightly and said, "Go on, pay no attention to that fellow."

The young man tried to continue his speaking, but the man in the crowd shouted again, "You are lying! You are 'Mormons' from Utah, coming here to steal away our women. These men are 'Mormons,'" he said turning and addressing himself to the crowd.

"Yes, I am a 'Mormon,'" shouted Willard Dean, "and I am not ashamed of it."

"You ought to be," came from a woman in another part of the crowd.

"Let the young man talk," spoke up a third person.

"He lies, he lies," shouted the first interrupter. "I know these 'Mormons' and their devilish ways. Beware of them, people."

Willard Dean was about to step across the short space which separated him from his accuser, but his companion stopped him.

"Let me hit him," he pleaded, "let me hit him just once!"

"Hush, you musn't. Let me talk to the people."

But they had heard the young preacher's remark, and some of them shouted:

"'E want's to fight. 'E's a fine preacher, 'e is."

Then there came a rush which nearly carried the elders off their feet. A party of anti-"Mormons" had planned to break up the meeting, and they were succeeding. Elder Donaldson had all

he could do to prevent his companion from entering into the thick of the melee and "laying out" a few of them.

"Come," said the wiser one, "we must get out of this crowd."

"What! run away from these cowards? Not at all."

"'E want's to fight," someone again shouted, "poke his bloody 'ed."

There was another rush and the elders were in danger of being roughly handled. Willard Dean had thought it hard to face a strange crowd as a preacher, but he found it still harder to remain cool and nonresistive when a lot of cowardly men and boys were insulting him by both words and blows.

The elders got away and walked along the street. The crowd had now become a mob, and spurred on by the anti-"Mormons," they followed the men, hooting and jeering at them and pelting them with what street refuse they could gather.

"Do we *have* to stand all this?" asked Willard.

"Yes; they'll not hurt us; a rotten egg makes no bruises, and we can wash off the mud. Come on."

"But it hurts terribly—inside!"

Elder Donaldson only laughed.

"Shall we go to our lodging?" asked Willard.

"No; we will board the first car which comes. That is the best thing to do to get away from a mob like this."

In a few minutes they jumped on a passing car. The mob did not care to pay a penny for the pleasure of tormenting them further, so they were safe. When they surveyed one another they found that they had escaped easily. The few sticks and stones had done no damage, and the mud was soon removed.

At the end of a ten minutes' ride they alighted from the car. They stood looking at each other, and Elder Donaldson laughed heartily.

"Is this a laughing matter?" asked Dean.

"Well, isn't it?"

"I guess it is," replied his companion after a pause. Then he continued:

"You usually hold two meetings each evening, don't you?"

"Yes, usually. Do you want another tonight?"

"Most certainly. I'm getting wet over. Do you think that

because those sneaking fellows back there have thrown water on me that I shall back out and not complete the operation? Not at all. Let's go and hold another meeting. We are at least a mile from the mob, and they'll not disturb us, do you believe?"

"No; they will not, but others may."

"Let's try it, then. I believe I'm wet over, already."

"Well, I believe you are, too,"

They chose a corner where not so many people were passing, and there they began another meeting. The rain cloud still hung threateningly over the city, and now Elder Dean's wish that it would not rain was not divided. The time was nearing nine o'clock, but there were a good many people out, and there would be, until midnight.

They sang a hymn, with better success this time. Elder Donaldson prayed. Then Brother Dean stepped out into the small circle that had gathered. He began quietly, as if he were explaining some gospel principle to a Sunday school class in a small room. He did not need to speak loudly to be heard. People stopped and listened to the earnest young man, and soon there was a good-sized company. The speaker raised his voice as the audience increased. Such freedom of speech had never come to Willard Dean before. Thoughts came freely, and they were uttered in apt and easy words. The truth of the message which he was bearing to his fellow men came forcibly to him, and his testimony grew strong. All fear left him now, and he felt as if he was not only master of himself but of any situation that might arise.

Presently someone on the outskirts of the crowd made an interruption.

Elder Dean paused. "Friend, do not disturb the meeting," he said. "If you have any questions to ask, we shall be pleased to answer them when we are through."

But this did not satisfy one man in the crowd. There came to be considerable confusion, and Elder Donaldson suggested to his companions that they would better close the meeting.

"No," said Elder Dean, "not yet;" and then he stepped out into the open and nearer to the people. The young man drew himself to his full height and stood silently looking at the crowd. Tall he was, with broad, straight shoulders. His bushy, brown

hair showed signs of the recent scramble. His face, though smooth and round and boyish, now beamed with light, and a determined purpose shone from it.

The confusion continued, but there was no effort to push the elders off. Those nearest to Willard Dean, and who stood as silent as he, had no desire to get closer.

Willard now began to feel that if he was to win, he would have to receive strength from a higher Power than his own; and as he stood there—it was only a few moments, but it seemed a long time to him—he prayed for power to subdue, and to conquer. A feeling came to him that there were some in that assembly who were seeking after the truth. In all fairness, such ought to have the opportunity to hear it.

Standing at one side of the crowd, and looking intently at the young missionary, was a little elderly woman dressed in black. She carried a basket on her arm, in which were her Saturday evening purchases. Willard, in turning, caught sight of this woman, and something in her face attracted him. There was a striking resemblance in the woman's features to those of his mother,—his mother in far-off Utah, who had sent him out with her love and blessing. Then it came to him as a flash: his mother was an Englishwoman, and she had come, when a young woman, from this very city. The thought inspired him. He stepped up to the little woman that had attracted him and began to speak to her. As he did not speak loudly, those near them who were eager to hear were compelled to listen attentively. In this way the circle of quietness grew, until in a few minutes practically all the people were listening to the conversation which was taking place.

"Good woman," said Willard to the figure in black, with pale face, "you remind me of my mother—the mother that I left six thousand miles from here to bring a glad message to you."

"Be you from 'Mormonia?'" asked she with an inquiring tone.

"I am from Utah, in America," he replied.

"You are a 'Mormon?'"

"Yes."

"Well, where the 'Mormons' live is 'Mormonia,' isn't it?"

"I never heard it called that before," said he.

Then he turned again to the listening people, and raising his voice so that all could hear distinctly, he said:

“Friends, this good woman reminds me of my mother. My mother is an Englishwoman, and came from this very town. Some of the older people may know her and her parents. In her girlhood she worked in your mills,—very likely one of these near at hand. She went to Utah many years ago, but she remembers her native country yet, and loves it and its people. Said she to me before I left her: ‘My boy, when you get to the old country you will find many things that are strange to you’—that’s true, friends. ‘You will find that very many will not listen to you or your message, but this you will find among all Englishmen—a love of fair play. They may not always treat you kindly, but they will usually treat you fairly.’ Friends, I want my mother’s words to come true. My brother and I have been chased by a mob in the streets of this city this very evening. There is no fair play about that. I want to think that that experience is only an exception to the general rule, and that you, gentlemen, are the Englishmen of whom my mother spoke, whom she knew in her younger days—Englishmen who love fair play.”

By this time a good many people had stopped and were listening to the young man. A murmur of applause greeted his appeal to them. As it was becoming late, the traffic of the city grew smaller, and therefore the distracting noises fewer. The rain clouds hung low, and already a little fine rain began to fall. However, neither preacher nor audience seemed to pay heed to it.

Elder Dean, referring again to his mother, told them of her experiences in emigrating to America, and of the hardships endured in settling its wild western country. “What was all this for?” he asked. “I will tell you. It was for the love of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and that she might be with the people of her own faith. Her own kindred had cast her out, because she had followed the convictions of her heart; and so she said to her fellow believers, with Ruth of old: ‘Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.’ So she went with them to America, and to Utah. And she has prospered over there. She loves her

native land yet, and I, her son, feel as if you, my friends, were part of my kin. My heart goes out towards this great nation, where the gospel has found so many noble men and women, and where I feel there are many yet who are looking for more of the truth than they can find in the conflicting creeds of the day." He spoke to them briefly of the restoration of the gospel by angel visits to the Prophet Joseph Smith, and then closed by bearing his testimony. The rain was falling faster now, and at the close of Elder Donaldson's brief prayer of dismissal the people hurriedly dispersed.

There was no chance to give out any literature in such weather, so the men walked homeward in the rain, which now came pelting down. For a while Elder Dean was so unconscious of it that he failed to raise his umbrella.

"Elder Dean," said his companion, "it seems to me that you are not only wet over, but wet through. Put up your umbrella."

"It was glorious," replied the other, as he did what he was told. "And, dear brother, I want to keep not only wet over all the time, but wet through and through."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Salt Lake City, Utah.

AUTUMN.

(For the Improvement Era.)

Vibrates the air with a singular thrill;
 Fairies and brownies are roaming at will;
 Purling and winding, the rills run below;
 Above, the sun sheds an ambient glow
 O'er mountain and valley, cascade and stream;
 Dallies sweet nature as if in a dream.
 'Twixt summer and winter, she scarcely knows how
 To adorn her proud form or garland her brow.

Lo! she has chosen; her robe is of brown,
 With festoons of crimson and thistle-down.
 Golden her crown, while emeralds are seen
 Peeping forth from her tresses—beautiful queen!
 Breathless we gaze; e'en the trees at her call
 Tremble and flutter, and let their leaves fall
 To weave her a rug of exquisite design,
 To spread from the sea to the odorous pine,
 Where sometimes she sits over-looking the land,
 And beats back the storms with her magical wand.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

RUTH M. FOX.

PRE-EXISTENCE.

BY CHARLES H. WHITE.

The world today is in darkness concerning this great principle of divine truth. Even among those of Christian belief there is but little known where we, as human beings, originated. The question is often asked—Did we have an existence prior to coming to this earth? and if so, what was the nature of the existence?

Today there is a philosophy among the religious sects which teaches that there is within each being a substance that is immortal. This substance is designated by many writers of good authority as spirit, and is described as the thinking, feeling, intelligent part of man.

Most people of our day admit the fact that there is within each being a spark that never dies, but that at the separation of the body and the spirit, which takes place at death, the body goes back to the dust as it was, and the spirit returns to God who gave it (Ecc. 12: 7). The passage here quoted implies that the spirit of man had at some time previous to death (which is the result of the separation of body and spirit) been in the presence and association of God. Were it not so, the spirit at death could not make its return trip to the courts of heaven, but would naturally make his first and only voyage from the earth to the realms of glory.

After organizing the earth upon which we live, the statement is made by the Creator, that he had made man in his own image (Gen. 1: 26, 27). “And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth

upon the earth. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them."

Thus we have in the words of God, through Moses, an account of the creation of man, who we are told was to have dominion over all other things that God had created. At the completion of the earth and all things that were to be therein, the Creator rested from his work, and, it being the seventh day, he blessed it and sanctified it, because in it he had finished all his work. We read that every plant of the field and every herb of the field before it grew, and the fish of the sea, the cattle, and every living thing, had been created before they were placed on the earth, because at this time there was not a man on the earth to care for the creations of God, neither had the Creator caused it to rain, that moisture might be provided for the life and growth of the plants (Gen. 2: 1-5).

In the creations of God, as far as we have followed them, we find the spiritual and not the temporal creation. It is plain that all things were created spiritually before they were created temporally (Moses 3: 5). At this time God caused a mist to go up from the earth, and the whole face of the ground was watered; and the Lord God formed man of the dust of the earth, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life—or, in other words, the spirit which had been previously created entered the body made from the dust of the earth—and man became a living soul.

A garden was planted in Eden, in which God caused to grow the tree, and all that was pleasant in the sight of man (Gen. 2: 6-9).

It is plain from the above quotations that all things had a spiritual creation, and dwelt with God even before he brought this earth into existence.

During our associations with God in the spirit world, and at a time when the creation of this earth was under contemplation, we gave our sanction, and, as the sons and daughters of God, shouted for joy at the thought of coming to the earth to tabernacle in the flesh (Job 38: 4-7).

Jesus, our Lord, in speaking to his apostles, upon one occasion, taught them the philosophy of this great truth. "I came forth from the Father into the world, again I leave the world and

go back to my Father" (John 1: 28). We would infer from this scripture that our Savior had, at some time previous to his earthly career, been with the Father. It might be thought by some that it was the body of Jesus as he appeared on the earth, that had an existence with the Father before the world was, but let us see. Jesus, we are told, was born of the Virgin Mary, being brought into the world of woman, as all other children are; then, it is plain that the flesh had not been with the Father, but, on the other hand it was the spirit which was chosen before the foundation of the world, to come and take possession of that body which should be born of Mary; and, as the angel said to the mother of Jesus, he shall be called the Son of God, and it will be he who will offer his life for the sins of the world.

Again, in the prayer to his Father, he asks that he might be glorified with his Father, even with the glory I had with thee before the world was (John 17: 5).

The spirit of Jesus existed and had glory with his Father before the foundations of the earth were laid; in fact, he took part in the great work of creation.

We will here introduce one or two witnesses from the Book of Mormon as touching the pre-existence of Jesus Christ. Nephi, a prophet of the western hemisphere, who lived about five hundred years B. C., testified that he had beheld the Redeemer (II Nephi 2: 2, 3). He also makes the statement that his brother Jacob had also seen him, and that he was the one of whom Isaiah prophesied hundreds of years before his birth.

While the brother of Jared was on the mount receiving instructions concerning their journey to the promised land, the Redeemer appeared to him and conversed at some length upon his earthly mission, and, owing to the greatness of his faith, the Savior appeared to him in the same likeness as he would appear on the earth (Ether 3: 6-20).

It will be seen from the above that Jesus had an existence prior to his advent into this world, and that after his mission on earth was finished, he ascended into heaven, in the presence of his disciples, and resumed the enjoyment of that glory which he possessed before the worlds were created.

The Lord in speaking with Jeremiah makes him acquainted

with the fact that he was ordained to be a prophet unto the nations befor his birth into the world (Jer. 1: 5). The possibility of such a thing is more or less troubling the minds of a great many people. By way of explanation, I could do no better than to refer the reader to the Pearl of Great Price (Abraham 3: 22-28), where the Lord, in speaking with Abraham, makes mention of the spirits that stood before him, and expressed the fact that there were some among them that were noble and great, and of these he would make his prphets and rulers among his children during their probation on the earth. At this time Jeremiah, no doubt, received his ordination to be a prophet to the nations of the earth.

In the spirit world, the same as on this earth, men are governed by law, and as a result there were some among them who advanced to higher stations than did those of their fellow spirits. Some, by applying themselves to conditions and making use of the opportunities as they presented themselves, reached a higher mark of perfection than those who were less ambitious.

We may, by way of illustration, take the earth upon which we live. All men are born into the world equal as far as wealth is concerned. Some men apply themselves to the conditions that surround them, and by close attention to business succeed in amassing great fortunes. On the other hand, there are those who do not apply themselves, and fail to take advantage of opportunities. These are the men who make no progress, and consequently die poor. The same may be said of a people in a religious way. Many persons there are who apply the gospel of Christ to their lives, and by close observance of the commandments of God they gain as a reward a crown of glory in the kingdom of heaven. Again, we have a class of people who care nothing for the laws of God, neither do they feel the need of obeying his gospel, and as a result of this kind of life they can expect to be rewarded only for the work done, and can never obtain the degree of glory that he who is faithful has received.

Free agency was enjoyed in the spirit world, and there, the same as here, men could choose good or evil. This is made plain in the Revelations of John while on the isle of Patmos. The visions of the past were opened to his view, and he was privileged to behold

the great war that was fought between Michael and his angels, and the dragon and his angels. Satan, through his great ability as a leader, was successful in obtaining a third part of the spirits of men as his followers (Rev. 12: 7-9). This war, we believe, took place at a time when the great plan of redemption was being discussed, and as a result of disobedience, and not wishing to extend to man the great principle of free agency, Lucifer and his angels were cast out of heaven, and were deprived of coming to earth and taking a body of flesh and bones.

Sin was within the reach of all, and consequently spirits had power to commit sin, even as men do today. In proof of this, let me refer you to the writings of John (chapter 9: 1-3). While in course of their travels in the land of Judea, they met a man who was blind. The apostles, understanding our pre-existent state, asked Jesus this question: "Who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" Now bear in mind this fact, that the man came into the world blind, and consequently it could not have been a punishment for sin committed in this life. Had the wrong which brought blindness to him been the result of his disobedience, it would have been perpetrated in the spirit world during the association with his fellow spirits, as they dwelt with God during a probation in which they existed before the worlds were created.

As a reward for our faithfulness in our pre-existent home, we have the privilege of coming to earth and possessing a body of flesh and bone; or, it may be expressed in the following terms: having kept our first estate, we are now upon the earth to see whether or not we will keep our second estate. Through proper care and preparation of our bodies, which comes by obedience to the laws of heaven, we fit ourselves for a crown of celestial glory, and we shall dwell with God and his Son, Jesus Christ, throughout the vast eternities.

Kansas City, Mo.

A LINK OF LIFE.

BY PROF. WILLARD DONE.

[In the year 1870, a mound in a field, near Payson, Utah, was excavated by Amasa Potter, an intelligent farmer residing then and now in that town. He found two skeletons, some implements and pottery, and a stone box. In the box were a few grains of wheat. Those that were bright he planted, and raised a few heads of the wheat. He planted this seed the following season, and raised about a bushel and a half. This was distributed among a few of the farmers, some of it being sent to the Department of Agriculture at Washington, together with the relics which were purchased for the Bureau of Ethnology. The wheat was found to be far superior as dry-land wheat to other varieties, producing, according to the statements of those who experimented with it, about eight bushels to the acre more than any other.

In August of this year, grain raised from this seed in a large field of dry land, near Nephi, was cut and threshed with the first combined harvester and thresher ever used in Utah. These facts led the author, who was a boy in Payson at the time the mound was opened, to write the following prose-poem.—EDITORS.]

Once in the dim, long-distant past, there lived among the aborigines, among the Rocky Mountains, a man far-seeing, wiser than his fellows. A prophet of the future was he, and best of all, a provider for it. At his hands there were no better means than at his neighbor's. With the same rude plow they cultivated their fields; in the same way sowed them; with the same brushes they harrowed in the seed; the same rain from heaven nourished all their crops; the same sun ripened them. With the same primitive sickles they garnered their harvest; with the same flails beat the grain from the chaff; with the same stone mills turned it into meal.

But this man had that power within him which made him a leader of men. If his lines were cast in the primitive age, his mind was fitted for an era more advanced. Like a Burbank he

tested, selected, experimented, cultivated, cross-fertilized, and proved the plants, until he found produced—call it what you will—the seed best suited to the arid soil and the waterless waste. The prophet of the future was building for the future.

At length his work was done. There had come from his hand, in this respect typical of the creative power of Omnipotence, a seed the perfection of its kind; adapted to the drouth; resistant to the parching sun and the baked earth; vital with the few light showers of spring; and bounteous beyond the dreams of fertility. And the fields waved with the grain; the harvest moon shone brighter; the songs of harvest-home were gladder; their autumn thanksgiving was more fervent, for the prophetic, philanthropic work of this their brother.

Where heretofore but dusty deserts stretched, lay fields of golden grain. Where wild beasts and savage men had roamed, sleek cattle browsed on the rich stubble. Where God's great gift to man, the wide-stretched field, had lain in sullen barrenness, seed-time and harvest filled the ear of God with their rejoicing. This the prophet-creator lived to see accomplished. But who will say that he did not look far into the future and see still greater things rise from his handiwork?

* * * * *

At length the people's benefactor died. With mingled laudations and lamentings, sorrow and praise, they prepared him for his long home. They anointed the dead limbs with choicest ointments, and wrapped him in a costly shroud. They prepared for him the richest sepulture, and chose for his last resting-place the choicest spot in the fields he had made more fertile. Here they heaped for him a mound, and placed within its bosom the mortal coil of their great benefactor. In harmony with their burial customs, they placed at his side the loved companion of his youth, and the implements of labor he had known and used. The stone mill, the earthen vessels, the stone ax, the rude weapons, and the other insignia of the time and place were laid to rest with him.

But even this was not sufficient remembrance for him they so much honored. What could they make his monument? A stone might be raised to him, but that would crumble into formless dust. A parchment might be written, but that would fade away. What-

ever lifeless thing they might erect to his memory would pass into nothingness. They must give him a remembrance as immortal as the fame it should perpetuate. Like that fame, it must be living and everlasting.

In the midst of their counsels there arose a patriarch of their people, and they listened to his words with the respect due to age and wisdom: "You seek a memento of him who has done so much. What better can you do than to make his own work his monument? What we could build for him would not perpetuate his fame. He has made his own memento. It bears within itself the germ of immortal life. It will live and flourish long after lifeless memorials have passed away. Let the monument he himself has built be our memorial to him."

With a great shout of approbation they heard his words. A stone was brought, and from it a box was fashioned. Within this box was placed a handful of the grain his genius had evolved. The cover was fitted and sealed. And this, the ever-living memento of his greatness and his worth, was placed in the sepulchre beside him, and the last sad rites were finished.

* * * * *

Long ages passed away. For centuries of years, seed-time and harvest, toil and rejoicing, joy and sorrow, had passed in alternation. Generation succeeded generation; and the land was populous, the fields were rich, the harvests bounteous.

Then came internecine strife and civil wars. The land, erstwhile rich with man and his handiwork, and teeming with waving fields, was drenched with blood. And because man's precious life was spilled upon it, the curse of God was there. No longer did it respond to the plowman and the sower; and the reaper went unrewarded. From industry to idleness; from idleness to poverty; from poverty to wretchedness; from wretchedness to savagery, the once happy people descended.

At length the land was desolate; the people scattered; the fields deserted. Back to its primitive barrenness the wide-stretched plain reverted; and the sentinel mountains kept weary watch over desolate valleys. The savage, the wild beast, and the gray, lifeless shrub possessed the scene alone.

* * * * *

Then came another prophet-builder. Wearied with his epoch-making march, he gazed from the mountain-side upon the valley, despised for ages by the seeming-wise, and said, "It is enough; this is the place!" With patient toil and broad fore-sightedness this leader poured water on the lifeless soil, and brought back the old fertility; and the land was rich with harvests. The curse of God was expiated by the diligence of man.

A happy people spread over the land. Valleys long abandoned to the wasting drouth were conquered and subdued. Smiling villages gladdened the land, made rich with harvest. Back to their lair slunk wild beast and savage man. The smile of God brightened plain and mountain, he saw the land; "and it was good."

One day a mound, rising majestic in the open plain, was leveled. Within a chamber were found two skeletons, rude implements, stone weapons, crude relics of a time long past, a stone box cemented. Carefully the box was opened. Amid grains long since crumbled into dust, a few shone bright and fresh as when garnered in that distant harvest. They were planted and tenderly nurtured. With jealous eye the first green shoots were watched. They grew and ripened. And now there came to the hand of the thoughtful husbandman, the product of the hand and brain of the prophet-provider, long since turned to dust. His living monument had been erected—a monument destined to be eternal. The fruit of a time long past was to be the seed of the future.

Science now came to the aid of genius, and both worked side by side. Where the rude plow had skimmed the surface of narrow roods, the mighty engine born of man's brain turned the deep loam of broad acres. Where the sower had plodded with his pouch of seed, followed by the obliterating brush, the seeder placed its myriad grains in the mellow soil. Where sickle and flail by slow and weary effort took stalk from stubble, and grain from chaff, great engines swept the field, the waving grain before, the bursting bags behind, ready for the whirring rollers. Where heretofore the harvest had meant the compass of an arrow's flight, it now was boundless as the sea. In his brightest vision the prophet-builder could not have foreseen transition so wonderful.

And thus the past joins with the future. The seed planted by the aboriginal genius decks with multiplied fertility the modern

field. From seed-time to the milling of the harvest, the grain of the past is touched with instruments produced by man's present genius. And where past races of men reaped with infinite toil the meagre harvest of a narrow field, present generations gather, as by the touch of magic, the bounteous product of the limitless plain. O prophet-builder of the distant past, your voice of prophecy, sounding through the ages, has found its echo; and your ecstatic vision is our reality!

Salt Lake City, Utah.

WATCH O'ER ME.

(Written to the music of *Sing Me to Sleep*, for Prof. Charles Kent, and sung by the author at the M. I. A. convention of Fremont stake, September 29, 1907).

O God, in mercy hear my prayer;
 Give me tonight thy wondrous care;
 Wrap me around with thy dear love,
 And send me solace from above;
 Scatter the clouds that make me fear,
 Lest I forget that thou art near,
 And in my weakness go astray
 From thine allwise and holy way.

REFRAIN.

O Holy Father, hear thou my prayer,
 I need thy comfort, thy love and care;
 All life is danger without thee;
 O God in heaven, watch o'er me.

All through the day my steps have failed,
 And I was weak when sin assailed;
 Forgive the folly and the pride,
 Teach me to cling to virtue's side;
 Grant me thy peace that I may know
 Thou still art near, the way to show,
 And in the end, ah let me be
 Encrowned for all eternity.

HAROLD GOFF.

Rexburg, Idaho.

THE WITHDRAWAL.

BY KATE THOMAS.

She came from the land where the pine abounds, and the winter clouds hang purple over the misty fjords. And she was named Christine, perhaps to always remind her of her own Christiania. Her face was refined; her hands tapering and filbert-nailed. In the old country she had been my lady's maid. In the new, she was the "girl" of general housework. In a year she could write English a little, could read better than she could speak, and she spoke remarkably well.

"I had a hard time to get here," she confided to us. "My lady, she felt most badly. She cried. I did not want to be a 'Mor-mon,' but I could not help it. I knew another girl in Christiania. She said, I will go to a 'Mor-mon' meeting. I laughed and said, 'I will go, too. I may get a husband.' She said, 'you do not know what you talk about, 'Mormons' do not look for women. They have plenty at home.' I am here, now I know. I laughed and said, 'I will go, too, and get a husband.' I think I will make a noise and break up such a bad meeting. But I went many times, and I did not laugh. I took the Book of Mor-mon home. I did not let my lady know. One night she came to my room. She seldom came to my room. I was scared. I put the Book of Mor-mon behind my back. She said, 'What are you reading, Christine?' I showed her. She said, 'I am told you go to 'Mor-mon' meetings, Christine.' I said, 'yes.' She said, 'You will not be a 'Mormon,' Christine?' I did not think to be 'Mor-mon,' until then. I surprised myself. I said, yes.' She cried, and said, 'Do not be a 'Mor-mon.' I will pay you more money.' I said, 'But I will join the 'Mor-mons.' She said, 'If so, you cannot work for

me.' I said, 'I cannot work for you, because I am going to Utah.' My mother said, 'You shall not go.' They watched me, and would not let me go to meeting. I took my clothes and ran away. My mother, nor any one would speak to me after."

Six months later, beaming-eyed, she made the startling announcement:

"This foolish fellow will come sure with the next company."

Enquiry drew out the fact that the plainly acceptable foolish fellow was a Norwegian sweetheart whom she was emigrating.

We looked forward to his coming with almost as great an excitement as the girl herself had. The rather prepossessing Scandinavian lass had in eighteen months of American ways and style of dress become a decidedly attractive young creature, with ideas far beyond her station. And we wondered.

On the great day, five of her friends, three serving maids and two men, all in varying styles of anxiety, called to accompany Christine to the train. They escorted her home again, and although it was then near midnight, sat in the kitchen for a full half hour.

"Well, Christine," we asked when they had gone, "did he come?"

"Yes," she answered. "Haven't you gone to bed yet, ma'am?" It was late to Christine, in spite of love's young dream. She turned the tap in the sink and watched the water run down the hole. Then she said, "He is funny."

Christine's "funny" meant an extreme type. We felt sorry for her.

Sundays and Wednesdays she met him somewhere. She would not allow him to come to the house. After the fifth visit she was wholly disillusioned.

"He will never be anything," she said disconsolately. "He should have stayed in Norway."

A week later she said, "I don't know what to do. I do not like this fellow."

"It is a pity you imported him," we said facetiously.

"What's this—import?"

"Sent for him."

"Yes," she assented, the humor lost upon her. "I'd rather have the money."

She worried for two weeks longer. Then she reached the decisive point.

"I will write dis fellow that it is all wrong. He is a good 'Mor-mon.' He will find another girl."

Christine's faith that a good 'Mormon' could always find consolation in any woman was somewhat comical, but it was nevertheless deep and abiding. If he were married he was eventually saved. And with Betsey in his crown of glory, what did he need of Christine? She frankly preferred to adorn some other man's circlet. So she wrote the letter telling him so, and posted it the same afternoon.

The next morning brought a letter from him. Christine's eyes grew round as she took it. On reading it, she broke into tears.

"It is so funny," she sobbed. "I do not understand."

The letter, she explained, was about word for word the same as she had written to him. It must have been written at the same time, and he was no doubt reading hers now. The somewhat startling coincidence proved beyond a doubt that these two young people were not specially designed for each other.

Shocked at her red eyes, "You are not sorry, Christine," was asked.

"No, no!" she protested vehemently. "I am glad. It is so funny, that's all. I am so glad I sent this letter yesterday. He knows now that I wrote first."

She saw him once more and brought us the following news:

"He says he loves me but will marry this rich widow. She has four grown up girls. She is older than he, and not nice. She is ugly and—what you call com-mon? She is from the old country, too. She can have him. He is not worth anything, this fellow, nothing at all!"

"Will he pay back the money he borrowed from you, now, Christine?"

"No. He is not that kind, this fellow. He will keep the money. I don't care. I am glad to be rid of him. He is not a good 'Mor-mon.' I will not marry one who is not a good 'Mor-mon.'"

Christine had been with us two years when a Gentile lady offered her a position as a cook at a larger wage than we were paying her. Christine was honorable.

"You took me when I could not speak English," she said. "You have learned me—"

"Taught, Christine," I corrected.

"Taught me many things. I am more of a lady now. I shall stay with you, if you say so."

We disliked to lose her, for good housemaids are scarce. But we could not accept her offer.

She came on her first evening off to tell us how she liked her new place. The work was continuous, and she did not get out much. The dinner hour prevented her from going to meeting.

As time went on, she became more friendly with the other servants. She wore finer clothes. Her old associates gradually dropped her.

She came down one evening, looking pale and rather unhappy.

"I wish you did not have a good girl," she said wistfully. "I should like to come back again. I never see a 'Mor-mon' any more. Nobody comes to see me. The girls I work with are not what I like to be with. I am lonely in that house up there."

For a time she spent her free evenings in our kitchen with her successor. But daily association was too strong. She became more and more friendly with her fellow maids. Several times we met her walking with a tall man of more than ordinary appearance. We teased her about him when we saw her next. She told us that he was her countryman, an architect, well-to-do, and that his attentions were serious.

"A 'Mormon,' of course?"

"No, he is not a 'Mormon.' He is nothing at all. He believes not even God."

"Yet you are going to marry him, Christine?"

"I don't know." Then she added, flushing slowly, "I'm not a good 'Mor-mon' like I used to be."

"After all you went through in the beginning?"

"Yes. Is this not strange? In Norway I would die for that religion. Here it is not so good. People are not so good. Nothing so good. I think this queer."

"You had better go to meeting sometimes, Christine."

"I don't like meetings any more. I think I will not marry this man."

However, the next time she came it was to tell of her engagement.

"He makes good money," she said. "We will go back to the old country after a while. This little American money he has saved will make him more a somebody. I will be more a somebody."

And so she went back to the country she had fled from under so devout a religious love, the wife of an infidel.

A missionary brought us news of her. She was in a cozy home on the finest street of one of the smaller towns. She was mistress herself, now, and the little blonde maid who did her bidding thought her a fine lady. But in spite of all, she was not happy.

"I thought," she told him, "that when I was married I would be lonely no more. But I am worse and worse lonely. My husband laughs, if I pray. He will not speak to a 'Mormon.' You must go before he comes. No 'Mormon' must come again. And all the time I want to be a 'Mormon!' I think how I left this country—so hard to leave—for that religion. Oh, those fine Utah mountains! And those good people! I will never see the Utah mountains again! I'm not strong enough, brother, that's all. I think everybody leaves me, and do not care for me. And I love this man for that. I was more weak there than I am here for that religion. I'm sorry now. But I brought this on myself. I'll do my best by this man."

And so, far away. Christine looks out from the little home, where she is "more somebody," over the wide Norwegian hills, and longs for her own people, and the unwavering majesty of the heavy-browed mountains of Utah.

New York, N. Y.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN IN THE HOME.

BY ALICE PEET BISHOP.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch,
Or warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch—
You almost are too tired to pray tonight.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do today—
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
That while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee—
This restless, curling head from off your breast—
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;

Or that their footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor—
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my house once more—

If I could mend a broken cart today,
Tomorrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest is flown—
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

MARY LOUISE RILEY SMITH.

The loneliness of this mother touches every maternal heart; and yet, not long ago, I stood with a mother, widowed at the birth of her second child and son, by the grave of one God had taken in childhood, and heard her say, "It seemed so hard to part with him when we laid him here, but I rejoice now, for I know where this one is. God knew my weakness, and took him away from my misguided training, and I am thankful."

The living son, now twenty-five years of age, is a very handsome man in face, figure and carriage, but the beauty stops there; drinking, gambling, carousing with his own kind, sporting and eating, are the only things worth living for, judging from his life.

"What was the matter with his training?" you ask.

"Want of study on the subject, 'The training of children in the home,' is my answer.

In the whole round of good women that I know, there is not one who is kinder, or leads a nobler life,—a life of sacrifice for others; and in this spirit of making others happy, indulged in the wrong way, without studying her child as she did her cook-book, lay the mischief which made her beloved son a leprous blotch to his family and community.

"I felt," she said, "when my boy was growing up that I wanted him to know that I loved him, and I gave him everything that I possibly could for his pleasure."

Right there was the trouble. She served him, instead of training him to serve her. When he took his bath, she brought the tub, and the water, and the clean clothes—when he had finished, he left all for her to remove. Breakfast was kept waiting for him, till he chose to arise—dinner and supper until he was ready to come; and there was never a reprimand, so that he might know his mother loved him.

The mother or wife has no right, human or divine, to wear herself out. True, her life must be one of sacrifice, but she should aim to be looked up to as a queen in "the realm called home," and not down upon by the husband and children: as a "household drudge and slave."

How many, many times has my heart been saddened by hearing misguided mothers say, "Oh, my daughter cannot help at all; she is going to school."

Mothers, if you have to work either constantly or temporarily, your child should give you substantial aid. With like ability, the pupil who works faithfully three hours each day at home, gets along faster, digests acquired knowledge better, is healthier and much better developed all around than the one whose mother unwisely excuses him or her, from all duties.

I have in mind the history of a boy whom I saw several times a day during his college preparatory life. This boy was kept so busy with horse and cow and lawn and housework, and keeping up the furnace fires at home, and in school and college work, that his mother remarked, "It is not miraculous that Will is not wild. We kept him so busy he never found time to learn to be bad."

Will's parents, though wealthy, were far beyond average men and women in boy training wisdom. This, their only child, was the dearest object on earth to them, and they reasoned that if he did his part of the world's work when he reached manhood, he must do what his years and strength would allow as he went along, and be taught to feel that "Labor, all labor is noble and holy." At the age of fifteen he had finished the high school course. At nineteen he graduated with honor from his home college, which matriculates with Harvard University. He entered Harvard in 1898, with A. B. to his name, and at the end of two years that great school added A.M. to his titles. His record for perseverance,

scholarship and honor, easily won for him the position of teacher of Latin and Greek in the St. Paul and Minneapolis public schools, where he taught very acceptably for two years, and then secured one of the best situations in the Kansas City, Mo., schools. Mind and body always kept pace, for while he was working the one, the other was resting, and at the age of twenty-seven, his healthy mind in his healthy body gave him a relish for life and its duties, which made living and service joyous.

The mother of President Roosevelt saw to it that every day her boys should complete some piece of work, and the life of our chief executive and the marvelous amount and diversity of work he is able to accomplish, shows that the time devoted to her heart's dearest treasures, paid that mother well.

Mothers, be wise and consider that all a boy or girl learns from his or her books, while you are overworking to give your child that time, is more than lost in the selfishness that they learn in feeling that anything can justify them in letting you thus overwork.

She could swing a six-pound dumb-bell,
She could fence, and she could box;
She could row upon the river,
She could clamber 'mong the rocks;
She could do some heavy golfing,
And play tennis all day long;
But she couldn't help her mother,
'Cause she wasn't very strong.

"Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," and again, "An idle brain is the devil's workshop," are as true today as they ever were, and the reverse is also true, "Jesus finds some service still for busy hands to do;" and again, "A brain busy under a Christian mother's training, is Christ's workshop."

There is another error into which many good mothers drift, that of nagging. Watch that. Set aside your children's part of the work, and see that it is done properly, if it has to be done several times, but all with a kind patience through which they can see it is for their good.

Honesty in the home is of the greatest importance. "Buy the truth and sell it not," said Holy Writ; and if we, as teachers,

mothers and members of society, could estimate the change for the better in strictly following the teachings of these seven words, we would be amazed.

A child's eyes are quick to understand the subterfuge you think is all a mystery to him. "It's good medicine, "It won't hurt to have your tooth pulled," "The bad man will catch you," are no less falsehoods for a mother than the wrong stories for which she punishes her child. Then the social quibbles. I do not mean that we should be painfully plain in speech, but one can cultivate a habit of not speaking at all, when the truth would be unkind.

An old Quaker reproved his hired man exaggerating, telling him it was a sin. "And do you never sin in the same way?" asked the man. "Thee must watch me, and if I do, thee must tell me."

"I lived in that family seven years," said the man, and learned to know that dependence could be placed upon every statement the old Quaker made—and I loved him as a father."

Be sure your child is human, just as much as your neighbor's child, therefore watch him closely, "for you know not the day nor the hour when he may enter into and yield to temptation."

One of the saddest things a teacher must contend with, is when she knows a pupil is doing wrong, and the mother believes the child's skilfully constructed story, and thinks the teacher is guided by prejudice, or that some guilty member of the school is trying to shirk his sins upon other shoulders. If the teacher is conscientious, she sifts the matter to the bottom before approaching the mother.

One mother whom I knew always took time to read some tender, suggestive story to her four children just at their bed time, and it became in that home, an hour for self-examination. The little ones were eager to tell mama of any good or helpful act, and very often she would hear contrite confessions of their yielding to the temptation to do wrong. When they were ten and twelve years old they would cry as if their hearts would break over some selfish, mean or cowardly act of the day. They could not sleep until they had made a clean breast of it to mama. I do not need to tell you that this was never a scolding time—nor that these talks urged the mother to live a perfectly consistent life—a life so few, so very few of us, live.

This subject is inexhaustible, but I cannot leave it without urging mothers to read books on the training of children. I believe most firmly that if women would study the books on child culture as assiduously as they do cook books or the *Delineator*—their eyes would be opened to the many errors in training children, and the results would be marvelous. A child is God's best gift to man, and you love it more than your own self—and yet that child goes to bed hungry for the companionship that you are lavishing on the company in the parlor.

Your library? On the shelves do we see well read books on child training? Do you read Abbott, or Pestalozzi, or Froebel, because you love your child and want to learn how to train it?

A bee-keeper reads books on bees, a swine breeder on swine, a horseman on horses, a butter maker on dairying, but how many parents have invested ten dollars in books on child culture?

A few Sundays ago I saw an eleven-year-old boy, an only child, on the public streets in bad company.

The mother is a good woman, and, no doubt, thinks the welfare of her boy is enhanced by her labors for society, and her hold on the social life of her town; but I would take chances on the four boys of the woman, who, while burdened with all her housework, set aside every evening and every Sunday afternoon for her children.

In Frances Willard and her brother and sister, we have examples of what parental training in the woods of Wisconsin could do.

I do not cry down society; the mingling of ourselves together is an express command of scripture, and our children must have companionship when they live within reach of it, and wise is that mother who gives her first and best companionship to these children whom God has called upon her to train.

Let the children come first. "Better a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and contention therewith."

In conclusion, I feel compelled to say to mothers that, like the good woman mentioned in the beginning of this paper, you can, by indulgence, become the worst enemy your child can have. This statement is proved by the fact that nearly all the boys and girls who go widely astray were brought up by their own mothers;

and that a very large proportion of our criminals have living mothers, who, in their great love for their children, weakly indulged them in all they demanded, until the tyrant of selfish appetites held them so strongly in its grasp that they were unable to resist evil promptings.

The mother of the great Spurgeon said, "If Charles goes astray it will have to be over his mother's prayers," and from the results, we may know that the prayers, accompanied by works, were constant.

In an exchange the other day, something like this appeared:

She was not an educated woman. She was not in society. She did not wear fashionable clothes, but she brought up three daughters to tell the truth. When she died she was not laid out in purple and fine linen. There were no hired carriages, and the flowers were all from the gardens of her friends. There was no long funeral procession, and the write-up of her life in the home papers was not extensive, but in heaven, ONE whose face shone with the brightness of the Father's glory said, "A queen is coming. Get her throne ready."

Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE COURTSHIP OF AUTUMN.

(For the Improvement Era.)

Flower-like, over the golden sheen,
Like an Indian girl, came the Autumn queen.

The fiery trail of her flaming hair
Went streaming away through the hazy air.

And the skies took fire, and the sunburnt land;
And the oak tree blushed as he kissed her hand.

Her flushed cheek shone like a red sunbeam
In the crystal depths of the gilded stream.

The lake o'erspread with a crimson grace,
As her footstep fell on his dimp'ling face.

On the western wall of the sky out-spread,
She painted a sunset scene blood-red.

Then over the ocean world she came,
And her feet of fire left a trail of flame.

And the snow-capped peaks and the sun-lit bower
All burst into bloom like a spring-kissed flower.

With the rushing sound of a thousand rills,
A foot-step fell on the northern hills.

And a misty form with a countenance weird,
On the cloudy edge of the world appeared.

His cane was an icicle stout and sleek,
His coat was a snow cloud long and thick.

That hung from his chin to his snowdrift feet,
And he buttoned it tight to exclude the heat.

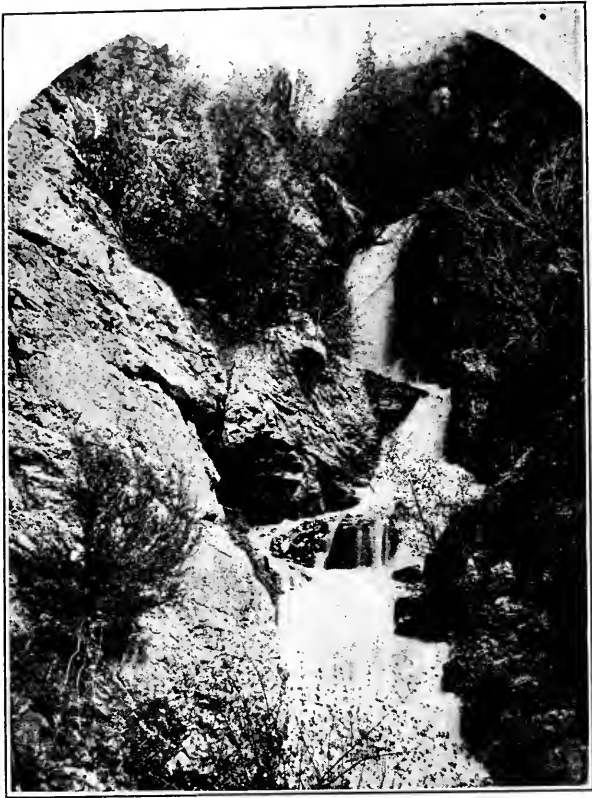
His frosty hair and his beard of snow
Streamed over the hills when the wind would blow.

His breath was the wind, and his voice was storm;
But his heart of ice, in a world so warm,

Seemed melting away to the blushing dame
Who lighted his path with a world of flame.



He called to her from the wildest peak
Of the Wasatch Range, aloft and bleak.



She answered back from the canyon stream,
And sent him a kiss on a ruddy beam.

The blush of love on her face upturned,
She beckoned to him, and his great heart yearned.

He' rose to go; at his icy look,
The streams retired and the forest shook.

The white frost clung to his wrinkled brow,
The red leaf dropt from the shiv'ring bough.

And he fixed his glance on her dainty form,
And circled her round with an icy arm.

She gave him her world like a gem aglow,
And faded away on his breast of snow.

Then over the bleak and leaf-hid trail,
With many a sigh, and many a wail,

He carried her into the forest drear,
All wrapped in her glory, withered and sere.

With the dirge of the wind in the bending bough,
He pressed a kiss on her pale, cold brow.

And he took her close to his heart of woe,
Then buried her under a drift of snow.

THEO. E. CURTIS.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

ECHO OF THE AGES.

An echo rolls down through the ages,
In cadence divinely sweet,
And unto the soul that shall hearken,
'Twill be as a light to the feet.

For heartstrings that vibrate with anguish,
It bringeth a healing balm;
With power rebuketh life's tempest,
And giveth a heavenly calm.

Oh! blest be the echo of ages,
That leadeth mankind above,
Purging his thought of world-grossness,
Ever inspiring with love!

But ah! of earth's millions how many
Are striving this echo to hear?
Their ears have grown deaf to its pleadings,
They hold it no longer dear.

They hear but one dissonant clamor,
The shout of the world's great fold;
The echo which blesses the ages,
Is drowned in the cry for gold.

GRACE INGLES FROST.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

“MOTHER AND SISTER MIGHT HEAR.”

BY PROF. ALBERT M. MERRILL, OF THE CASSIA STAKE ACADEMY.

The Junior boys will, doubtlessly, draw many profitable lessons this year from the reading of *Tom Brown's School Days*.

Tom is not represented as an ideal boy, nor as one of the “goody-goody” kind. He is just an ordinary boy, full of life and energy; he has plenty of faults, but these are fairly offset by good strong points. He is so perfectly natural, so resourceful, so vivacious, and yet so kind-hearted, so generous, and true, that all boys must, perforce, admire him.

One of the satisfying things about his biography is that the training and circumstances of his early years bear fruit throughout his life. Like most boys, he could not forget the tender religious training of a loving mother, nor yet the occasional but pointed instructions of the father. We feel sure that his father's last words of admonition when he left London, at the tender age of nine years, to enter Rugby, not only rang in his ears in the stage coach that morning, but that they recurred to him on many trying occasions afterward. They are words that can well afford to be printed in gold and held before the eyes of Latter-day Saint boys, or better still, engraved in their hearts where they may act as silent monitors in hours of need.

After considering well and long what he could best say in parting, Mr. Brown gave utterance to the following:

Tom, my boy, remember you are going at your own earnest request, to be chucked into this great school, like a young bear with all your troubles before you—earlier than we should have sent you, perhaps. If schools are what they were in my time, you'll see a great many cruel blackguard things done, and hear a deal of foul, bad talk. But never fear. You tell the truth, keep a brave and kind

heart, and never listen to or say anything you wouldn't have your mother and sister hear, and you'll never feel ashamed to come home, or we to see you.

What splendid counsel this, for every boy to receive and live by. It constitutes a little religion all by itself, "pure and undefiled:" *Tell the truth, keep a brave and kind heart, and never listen to or say anything you wouldn't have your mother and sister hear, and you'll never feel ashamed to come home, or we to see you.*

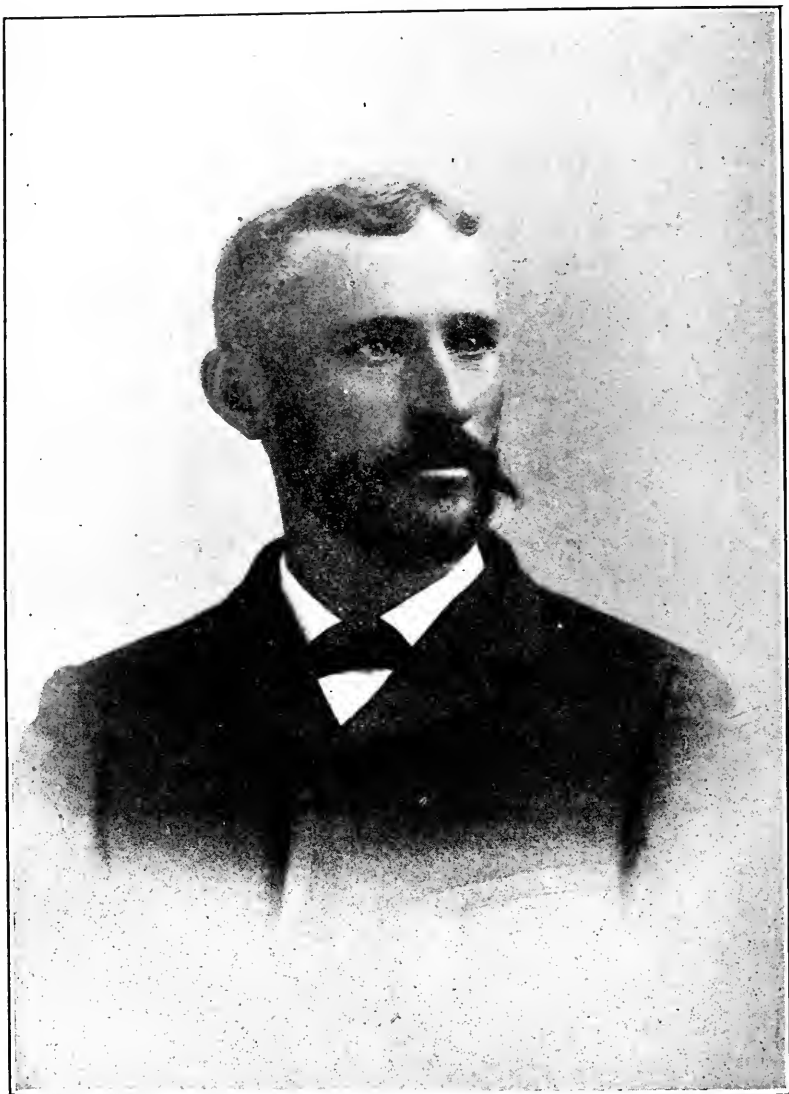
A boy that will do those things will find that he is in the way of becoming a good, clean, honorable man—a faithful Latter-day Saint. A boy that will keep his ears closed to filthy and obscene stories, and will guard his tongue from uttering an unclean word, —a word that his mother and his sister might not hear—will find that he has conceived within him a power for righteousness.

It is clean boys that make clean men. We have often been led to admire the clean strain that ran through the character of President Ulysses S. Grant. A number of incidents are related of him in his attitude toward purity of thought. On one occasion, he was seated in the Senate chamber, surrounded by a number of prominent men. It was a recess period, and they were conversing and telling stories. A Senator thought to tell a story, which a mother or a sister might not hear, and casting his eyes about the gallery began, "As there are no ladies present," when he was suddenly interrupted by the President with, "But there are *gentlemen* present, and you'll please not tell that story here."

George W. Childs wrote of Grant, "A great trait of Grant's character was his purity. I never heard him express an impure thought, or make an indelicate allusion in any way or shape. There is nothing I ever heard him say that could not be repeated in the presence of women."

The boys of the Latter-day Saints should live so that such a remark might be truthfully made of every one of them.

Oakley, Idaho.



ANTHONY W. IVINS.

Chosen, sustained and ordained, October 6, 1907, a member of the
Quorum of Twelve Apostles.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

As far back as history is recorded, men have given thanks for the blessings they have enjoyed. Thanksgiving day seems to be the only holiday which the Americans celebrate right. It is a home day. A day of association and love in the home. The day in New England history dates from November, 1621, when, the year following the landing, the little Plymouth colony numbered scarcely a hundred people. In Governor William Bradford's *History of the Plymouth Plantation* (1602-47), it is said: "Our harvest being gotten in, our governor sent four men on fowling, so that we might, after a special manner, rejoice together, after we had gathered the fruit of our labors." And so the custom grew and was observed year after year, until now Thanksgiving is the national anniversary.

The Pilgrims landed on the shortest day of the year, in 1620; but the Massachusetts Bay Colony, of two thousand people, on the longest day, in 1630. The latter were well equipped, and had every sign of prosperity about them. But *their* first Thanksgiving was more dramatic. The sea food in the new country was unfamiliar to them, and the following fall and winter many died. Governor John Winthrop, however, with rare foresight, had sent Captain Pierce with a ship to England, soon after they landed, with instructions to hastily return loaded with wheat, barley, oats, rye, cheese and butter. When, in February of 1631, Pierce's returning ship hove in sight, the colony were tired and discouraged. The governor had his "last batch of bread in the oven," and there

were sickness, sorrow, death and apprehension. In January solemn fasts had been observed, and the grumbling and discontented were reminded by the General Court that "man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." They were told that it will not do to sit sighing here for the flesh pots of Egypt. So a solemn fast was appointed that the people might learn how to use their flesh and fish, and remember that they came there for "the greater glory of God and to enjoy him forever."

But when the ship hove in sight, the General Court's order for fasting was changed to one for thanksgiving. Thus came the first Thanksgiving Day for the Massachusetts Bay colony. It was the first and last Thanksgiving in February, for which there was then a very good reason. The old New England Thanksgiving, in November, was afterwards adopted, and from such beginnings as these it has grown to be a holiday in all the states and dominions of our great country.

It is a day for thanks to God for his bountiful gifts to us. As a nation we are at peace; we are prosperous beyond prophecy. There is plenty of wheat, and corn, and rye, and oats, and flesh and fowl for all, and enough to send a daily surplus to our brothers in every part of the world. And let us hope there is love for our fellows and for each other, and a genuine spirit of thanks and devotion in our hearts to the Giver of all good.

No people on the earth have greater occasion to be thankful to the Lord this Thanksgiving Day than the Latter-day Saints. They enjoy all these blessings, and in addition the custody of the gospel of our Lord, with its accompanying spiritual gifts. They should not be forgetful of these things, nor of their duties and responsibilities because of them. On this day there should be no poor or unfortunate one forgotten, no homeless one or stranger in our midst un comforted; for be it remembered there is scarcely a land or an ocean where some of our wanderers are not passing lonely in the cities, traversing the valleys, or counting the waves.

Let us serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with singing. "Know ye not," says the Psalmist, that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture. Enter into his

gates with thanksgiving, and unto his courts with praise: be thankful unto him and bless his name. For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations."

CHURCH LITERATURE IN JAPAN.

The ERA has received a copy of *A Brief History of the Church*, translated into Japanese by Elder John W. Stoker, illustrated with many Utah scenes, and persons, and a map of the United States, and published by the Japan Mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In an interesting letter to the editors, Elder Alma O. Taylor, president of the mission, says:

We have no apologies to make, for the general appearance of the book inside or out, nor for the slight mistakes that appear, for considering that this is the first attempt made by us to publish a book of such size and kind, we are proud of the success of this our maiden effort. There are many books in circulation which bear the name of experienced publishers, but they are no better than "our history." * * * * * Elder Stoker, whose faithful, diligent labor made the translation a success, is a recipient of the praise and gratitude of the mission president, missionaries, and Saints, all of whom have anxiously and prayerfully awaited the coming forth of this book in the native language. And while we give to Elder Stoker and those who rendered valuable assistance to the work, due praise and honor, we recognize that without the blessing of God our success would not have been as satisfactory as it is.

The first edition consists of 1,000 copies, 500 copies bound in cloth and 500 in paper. We sell the cloth binding for 55 sen (27 1-2 cents) each, and the paper bound copies for 40 sen (20 cents each).

One of Elder Stoker's relatives suggested that there doesn't seem to be anything "brief" about this history, judging by the time it has taken to translate and publish it into Japanese. But the translation was particularly difficult, for it required the deepest thought and study to make suitable and true translations of the words and expressions peculiar to our Church. In fact, words like "high council," "primary," "revelation," "priesthood," "Godhead," etc., have each taken hours and hours of thought and discussion, for these words have their peculiar significance in our Church, and the current words for even a common English word like "revelation," are too sectarian in meaning to be of any use to us. This translation presents many entirely new words to the Japanese vocabulary, and it has been an arduous labor indeed to get words which convey the true meaning of

our English, and at the same time that would be within the range of the reader's understanding, for be it kept in mind that new words in Japanese are made by making new combinations of old words. By this book, then, we hope to successfully and enduringly establish, among our members at least, definite Japanese words conveying the meaning of our strictly "Mormon" terms.

The English preface was not translated, but instead the following introduction appears, the English of which is here printed. President Taylor and his associates certainly deserve high commendation and praise for their persistent, literary labors, under very trying conditions, not only with this work, but with the very great task of translating and printing the Book of Mormon which they are now completing:

PREFACE.

Believing that the history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, when read without prejudice and with a desire to know facts, is one of the strongest evidences of the divinity of its claims, and intensely interesting even to the casual reader; and recognizing the need of such a history for the benefit of the Saints and investigators in Japan, the translation of *A Brief History of the Church* was undertaken.

Elder John W. Stoker was selected by the officers of the Japan mission to make the translation. He labored faithfully and well to accomplish his task, but having very many other duties to perform in connection with the mission, he was unable to devote his entire time to the work. Finally, through the blessings of God, his translation was completed, and the criticisms and suggestions of several capable Japanese were solicited and kindly given.

This book, being simply a brief history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, does not attempt to detail events, but to mention, in a general and accurate way, the important incidents connected with the rise and progress of the Church from the early part of the 19th century to the present time. The author of the original, Elder Edward F. Anderson, compiled this brief history from, and after a careful research of, the full and reliable histories of the Church and its leaders.

Several minor and unimportant items, together with many proper names, have been omitted in the translation. At the same time, additional historical facts have been inserted where, in the judgment of the translator and his counselors, such additions were necessary and of interest. So far as possible the history has been illustrated, and two maps showing the migrations of the Church, have been carefully prepared. A rather lengthy appendix, not in the original, discusses the relationship of the "Mormon" Church to polygamy, both as a practice and principle, and gives a brief story of the Japan mission.

A perusal of the pages of this book will give a fair idea of the great faith of the Latter-day Saints, and the unparalleled hardships through which they passed for

the sake of their religious convictions. The reader will also note, perhaps with more or less wonderment, the marvelous advancement and growth of this remarkable Church, in spite of the slander heaped upon it, the persecution waged against it, and the continual opposition it has received. And, too, reference to the principles and ordinances of the gospel of Jesus Christ, which gospel is nothing more nor less than the plan which God, the Eternal Father of man, and Creator of heaven and earth, has established for the salvation of the human race, will be found herein by the careful reader.

While the true name of the Church is: "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints" (the words "Latter-day Saints" are used to show the relation of the Saints today to those who lived in the days of Christ and the Apostles), it is often referred to as "the 'Mormon' Church;" its members as "Mormons," and the system as "Mormonism." The reason is this: As this history shows, a sacred book known as the Book of Mormon, was revealed to the world through the agency of Joseph Smith. The Latter-day Saints look upon this book as the word of God. It is one of the standard books of the Church. Therefore, the enemies of the Church, desiring to avoid the true name, nicknamed it the "Mormon" Church in derision. By this nickname it has become known throughout the world. There is no particular objection to the name "Mormon" itself, for Mormon was a man of God, who lived in America anciently. He is the prophet who compiled the Book of Mormon. The meaning of the word, "Mormon" is "more good." The "'Mormon' Church" certainly stands for *all* that is good.

In presenting this book to the public, we pray that the Spirit of God may accompany the same, and that those who read or study its contents may be convinced of the divine origin of the Church of Jesus Christ of latter-day Saints, and receive a testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

JAPAN MISSION OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

Tokyo, Japan, Aug. 12, 1907.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS.

Elder Sylvester Q. Cannon, President of the Netherlands-Belgium mission, writing from Rotterdam, September 19, to Elder Heber J. Grant, says: "It is common among the elders when writing to you to tell you they appreciate the ERA, but it is none the less meant. It certainly is a very valuable magazine, and those who publish it are very magnanimous in sending it free of charge to all the missionaries in the field. Our work here is growing steadily, and developing in all directions. The outlook is prosperous. We have about sixty elders in Holland and Belgium, nearly one half of whom have come into the field within the past four months. Of course, as yet these brethren are not very free in the use of the language, but as soon as they get a little farther along, together with the rest of the missionaries in this field, they will be able to accomplish a great work.

There is plenty to do. The field is indeed ready for the harvest. A great deal of inquiry is manifest. There is naturally some opposition, and some incorrect articles written in the papers. At the same time the papers are generally fair to us, and set forth our views also. Good results are being obtained in the way of baptisms. During the month of August, forty-five people were baptized, and the prospects are favorable for the future. We expect to be in another home by October 13."

Mr. John Cottam, of No. 31 North Road, St. Helens, near Liverpool, England, writing to Elder I. L. Robson, of Ogden, Utah, among other things concerning the Latter-day Saints, acknowledges that he and his family are the gainers by coming in contact with such men as Brother Robson and the elders. He says of the pioneers: "Those Utah pioneers who are still living must be delighted with the sixty years of great progress; and with such men as they are still educating for the work, must achieve even greater success. If the converts you make in England are composed of the same material as the early pioneers, they should be persuaded to stay here and build up another Utah in this country. I am aware that 'Mormon' missionaries are only flesh and blood, like one's self, but I can truthfully say that I have never met such good, upright, straightforward men before, and anyone coming in contact with them will be benefitted by their presence."

Elder J. W. Linford, president of the Manawatu branch, Auckland, New Zealand, writes, August 31, 1907: "In an article in the July number of the ERA, under 'Messages from the Missions,' giving an account of conditions in Porirua, the erroneous statement is made that most of the saints had fallen away, and would not invite the traveling elders to stay with them. While it is true that most of the Saints had grown indifferent, very few had fallen away, and none have ever been known to deny the truth. In Porirua, as elsewhere in New Zealand, there are always some of the natives who stand as pillars of light to their people. At no time in the history of the Porirua branch have people refused entertainment to the elders. On the contrary, they have always had kind treatment, and have had a comfortable, clean room at their disposal. They did tear the old chapel down, but it was done because it had been condemned, and they took immediate steps to collect funds to rebuild."

Elder Jos. Woodbury writing the ERA from Fairmont, West Va., September 23, states that he is encouraged at the prospects of the work in that part of the country, and that the outlook for the future is good. The greatest drawback is a shortage of laborers. "We are trying to impress upon our converts the fact that the best way to learn more of the gospel is to teach it to others." He states that they are about to organize a Mutual Improvement Association among the young people. The elders are all well and working hard, though through the past summer they have had considerable sickness.

Writing from Tuasivi, Savaii, Samoa, August 20, 1907, Elder Wilford A. Porter says: "The ERA is an ever welcome visitor to us who are laboring here on the islands of the sunny South. Its pages are filled with inspiring and uplifting

thoughts, which we take great delight in reading. The work is progressing nicely here. There are three elders laboring on this island, and we are united in our labors. Myself and Elder Chas. Lallathine recently returned from a two months' proselyting tour around the island. We were successful in holding several excellent meetings and many good gospel conversations with the natives. While there are many who are prejudiced, and refuse to listen to the gospel, there are those who are congenial and apparently anxious to listen to our teachings. Were it not for the thoughts of being mocked and ridiculed by their own people, there would no doubt be many who would gladly accept of the gospel. However, we do not feel discouraged, but put our trust in the Lord. And we are thankful that we have the privilege of publishing glad tidings of great joy to this people, who are indeed a branch of the house of Israel."

Elder G. N. Curtis, secretary of the Northern States mission, writes from Chicago, September 21: The Lord is blessing us in this part of his vineyard and we have great cause to rejoice. Success is attending the efforts of the elders. The conference presidents met in Chicago the 30th and 31st of August for the purpose of devising ways and means of reaching the people of the Northern States mission. Several plans were talked over, and as a result our different conferences are following out several new plans. The one that is most in order is to divide the company in two sections, and aim to spend one night during the week in several towns that have been previously marked out by the conference president, and then at the end of the week, hold several meetings at some chosen point. All the elders are encouraged in this line of work, and are loud in praise of the same. The improved condition of our work speaks highly of this new method. Wish you joy and success.

NOTES.

To live our religion is just as hard as to die for it. He that endures to the end shall be saved.—PRESIDENT ANTHON H. LUND.

"In all your troubles, go to the Lord for help; in all your joys, go to the Lord in praise and thanksgiving."—DR. GEORGE H. BRIMHALL in *White and Blue*.

One branch of the Transvaal legislature, at the urging of the ministry, has voted to present to King Edward the Cullinan diamond, found in the Premier mine in 1905. The stone uncut was four and one half inches long, two and three-quarters inches deep, and two and one-half inches broad. It is valued at seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It has been impossible until the present to find a purchaser, as there are few persons able to spend three quarters of a million dollars on a single stone. If it had been sold to outsiders, the Transvaal government would have received four hundred and fifty thousand dollars as its share, under the law which makes it the owner of three-fifths of such stones. The mine owners will receive three hundred thousand dollars for their interest in the diamond.

IN LIGHTER MOOD.

A southern negro was brought into the court-room accused of stealing a neighbor's chickens.

"Mister George Washington Shinetop, did you steal those chickens?" asked the Judge pointedly.

"No, sah, jedge; Ah is to 'spectable fo' dat."

"But it is stated on good authority that a bundle of feathers was found in your back yard the day before Christmas."

"That 'sinneration, jedge, des proves mah innocence, coz' how could de fedders be found in mah back yard de day befo' Chris'mus, when mah wife didn't pluck dose chickens until de day after Chri.'mus?"

What *Harper's Weekly* pronounces the meanest man in the world is described in the following story:

A Southerner went into the store of one of his neighbors, and asked him if he didn't want to trade.

"Whatchergot?" asked the storekeeper.

The man ran his hand down into his coat pocket and pulled out an egg. "This," said he.

"One aig!" said the storekeeper. "And what you want for that?"

"Waall," drawled the man, "you can gimme a couple knittin'-needles for it, can't ye?"

"Ef that's all," said the storekeeper, "I reckon I kin."

The man received the knitting-needles, and looking up at the storekeeper, he said:

"Aren't you goin' to treat?" (The custom South demands a treat whenever a swap of any kind is made.)

"Well," said the storekeeper, "what you want?"

"Oh! I'm not perticular," said the man. "Gi' me a drink o' sherry."

So the storekeeper handed out a bottle of sherry and a glass.

"Help yourself."

The man thought a moment, and then said, solemnly: "I never drink sherry without breakin' an aig in it."

"Well, upon mah soul," thought the storekeeper. But he handed him the egg he had just received and said: "Here's yoh aig; you kin have it."

The man broke the egg into the glass of sherry, and in doing so discovered that the egg had two yolks. He drained the glass, smacked his lips, and pronounced it a fine drink, and then said to the storekeeper: "You know you ought to give me two more knittin'-needles, don't you?"

"Why?" asked the storekeeper, perplexed.

"Because," said the man, "that aig o' mine had two yolks!"

SEVENTY'S COUNCIL TABLE.

BY B. H. ROBERTS, MEMBER OF THE FIRST COUNCIL.

To become a Seventy means mental activity, intellectual development, and the attainment of spiritual power.

Congratulations.—We congratulate the Seventies, first, upon their now having an Organ; by which we mean, of course, a publication devoted to their interest; to the development of their views; and the principles for which they stand; also a medium of announcement and publication of official acts. By means of the ERA the First Council will be in constant communication with all the quorums of the Seventy in the Church. They will be able to suggest, advise, counsel, and direct the Seventies' work, both in administrative matters and in theological studies. This new adjunct to our work will be especially useful in aiding the class work our quorums are about to undertake, since suggestions in relation to class methods and amplification of lesson topics can be made as occasions arise for such help to class teachers. Secondly, we congratulate the Seventies that the ERA has been chosen as the "Organ of the Seventies." Its literature, even in the past, has been more generally adapted to our Seventies than to any other class of its readers; and the fact that it now becomes the Organ of the Seventies quorums as well as of the Young Men's Improvement Associations, is a guarantee that it will continue to possess that quality. Let us be understood here: It is the intention of the publishers, of course, to make the magazine appropriate to both organizations to which it stands in the relationship of organ; but what we mean to convey in the above remark is, that the ERA has been the medium, of late years, through which nearly all important doctrinal and theological articles both of an official and semi-official character have been published, and it is these doctrinal papers that are of especial interest to the Seventies, since they deal with questions in which Seventies are, or should be, intensely interested; and are published in such form that they can be easily preserved and readily consulted. In this connection we may say that the term magazine implies variety, a receptacle in which anything is stored, and hence a magazine gives wide latitude for a variety of literature; stories, sketches, essays, poetry, drama, and the like. It is not expected, of course, that its readers will be equally interested in all its parts. What may be precious to one will be of no interest to another. One number may be issued in which a subscriber will find many things that suit his tastes, or that are helpful in the special lines of work he is following. The next number may contain less

that appeals to him, and more that will appeal to another reader; all in all, however, each subscriber will doubtless find articles whose value to him will be worth many times the price of the subscription; and so we say to our Seventies, now that we have an organ, let us make use of it, both because it will give helpful suggestions in relation to conducting the special work of the quorums, and also because it will contain literature of the general character that will be helpful in preparing the members thereof for their labors in the ministry.

Official Recognition.—That the Seventy may see in what spirit the Young Men's General Board met the proposition of the First Council to make the IMPROVEMENT ERA the organ of the Seventies, we publish the official recognition of said proposition:

Sept. 24, 1907.

*First Seven Presidents of Seventy,
Salt Lake City, Utah.*

DEAR BRETHREN:

The General Board direct me to write your honorable body saying that they deem it an honor to have you select the Organ of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations, the IMPROVEMENT ERA, as the Official Organ for the Seventy, and to thank you for the honor so conferred. At a meeting of the Board held September 11, it was unanimously and with pleasure carried that the IMPROVEMENT ERA also become the "*Organ of the Seventy.*"

Very sincerely, your friend and brother,

ALPHA J. HIGGS, General Secretary.

The proposition has been equally welcomed by the Seventies wherever it has been presented to them, and is regarded as a most fortunate thing, both for the ERA and the quorums of Seventy.

Seventies Era Agents.—The presidents of the respective quorums should at once take under advisement the appointment of an ERA agent for the quorum, whose business it shall be to solicit subscriptions within the quorum for the magazine, giving every member the opportunity of subscribing, and it should be made clear to the brethren of our quorums what an advantage it would be for them to be subscribers to the ERA, if they would keep abreast of their work and become acquainted with the literature that will help to prepare them for their special calling in the priesthood. It is the desire of the First Council that this work shall be promptly and efficiently performed, and let it be done at once, and if done thoroughly, it may then be dismissed for the year. The terms are two dollars per year, paid in advance; and the agents should promptly send both names and money to Alpha J. Higgs, Nos. 214-215, Templeton Building, Salt Lake City. It should be understood that the agents will render their services gratuitously; the work is a labor of love and interest to the cause for which the ERA stands, the Seventies' work and the work of Mutual Improvement. The ERA sends copies of each issue free to some two thousand missionaries in all parts of the world; it could not do this only that its agents who solicit and collect its subscriptions give

their service gratuitously in the interest of missionary work; and it is on this basis that the First Council ask their brethren who shall be called to act as agents to accept the appointment cheerfully, and perform the work promptly and well.

The First Lesson.—We call especial attention of the quorums to the Introduction to the Seventy's Course in Theology for this year, and as there is no such suggestion in the Introduction itself, we make it here. The Introduction should be taken up as the first lesson of the course, as an understanding of what is there set forth is necessary to a clear comprehension of what is sought to be achieved in the lessons following it. We advise, therefore, that on the first meeting of the quorums, on the first Sunday in November, that the Introduction first be read through, and afterwards that it be read and discussed topic by topic until a thorough understanding shall be had of each division of it. Then at the second meeting, the first lesson in Part I may be taken up.

Each member of the quorum should have The Seventies' Year Book, since he will not be able to fully participate in the lessons without he is so furnished. The price of the Year Book is but 25 cents, and no Seventy can afford to be without it. Quorums sending in their orders for the Year Book, should order as many as there are members in the quorum. A workman could just as consistently undertake a job of work without tools, as a Seventy can undertake his class work without this book outlining the year's work; and the Presidents should put the matter forcibly before the brethren, and take steps to have each member supplied with means of studying the class lessons.

The New Movement.—The inauguration of the new working conditions under which the quorums will hereafter do their work is quite frequently referred to as the "New Movement among the Seventies," or more briefly "The New Movement." The phrases are certainly not inappropriate; but have you stopped to think what the "New Movement" will mean to Seventies work? In the first place it gives us a day-time appointment for our quorum meetings, on a day regularly set apart for worship and thought and reading concerning the things of God; our members are released from other Church duties during that forenoon, that they may devote themselves to this quorum appointment and its work; the arrangement gives a uniform time of meeting for all the quorums in the Church; it will enable all the quorums to pursue the same general line of study, and at the same time; the meetings will be so frequent and regular that interest in the Seventies' course of study can be sustained throughout the year; the new arrangement practically insures us a very much larger attendance upon quorum meetings; it sweeps away all excuses for protracted absence from quorum appointments; it gives recognition to the importance of the Seventies' work, and emphasizes the dignity of the foreign ministry of the Church; to use the phraseology of the First Presidency in their circular letter to the Presidency of the Stakes—it will enable us "to make the quorums the schools of instruction they ought to be, and which it was intended of the Lord from the beginning that they should become."

The General Conference of the Seventies, 1907.—The first General Conference held by the Seventies in sixty three years convened at the Assembly

Hall, Salt Lake City, on Friday evening, October 4, 1907, Elder Seymour B. Young presiding. The number of quorums represented were 132 out of 151 quorums in the Church, so that all but 19 quorums were represented; and when it is remembered that these quorums are scattered in three countries, Mexico, the United States and Canada, in five of the inter-mountain states and two of the territories, the representation was remarkable. There were 239 Presidents of quorums in attendance, and 277 members. The opening prayer was offered by Elder Francis M. Lyman, President of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, and in itself grandly foreshadowed the purpose and spirit of the "New Movement among the Seventies." Words of greeting were given by the Senior President of the First Council, Elder Seymour B. Young; after which the purpose of the "New Movement" and the first year's course in theology, were outlined by Elder B. H. Roberts of the First Council. The singing led by Brother Evan Stephens was spirited throughout, and contributed much to the enjoyment of those present. The closing prayer was offered by Elder John Henry Smith. It was an occasion long to be remembered, and the hope was very generally expressed that such a conference would be held every year, at the time of the General Conference of the Church, in October.

Seventies' Conference in 1844.—The last General Conference of the Seventies was held in the city of Nauvoo, beginning on the 26th of December, 1844, and continuing through one week. At that time there were fourteen quorums of Seventy in the Church. These quorums that year had erected a Seventies' Hall, and on the 26th of December, 1844, the dedicatory services began. It was arranged that two quorums with their wives and children should meet each day throughout the week, with the first council always present. A number of the Twelve Apostles were present at each of the services and addressed the Seventies and their families. President Brigham Young offered the dedicatory prayer at the first session of the conference, and W. W. Phelps' hymn, "A voice from the Prophet," written for these services, was sung; its opening line is

"Come to me, will ye come to the Saints that have died," etc.

It was for these services also that the late President John Taylor wrote his heroic hymn,

"The Seer, the Seer, Joseph the Seer!"

though he dedicated the hymn to President Brigham Young.

All these are pleasant memories, even if they are tinged with sadness, and we gladly refer to them for the instruction of our Seventies in relation to the history of our organizations. Now that we have resumed the holding of our general Seventies conferences, and with them have now gathered up the scattered threads of our history, let us hope that never again will sixty-three years be allowed to pass without a general Seventies conference being held.

MUTUAL WORK.

HELPING TO GET FIFTEEN THOUSAND.

We are pleased to note that a number of the association officers have already secured five per cent of their Church population, and over, as subscribers for Vol. XI of the IMPROVEMENT ERA. The Heber City Second ward, Wasatch stake, President Royal J. Murdock, and Counselor Leo N. Richards, had already secured a list of 51 subscriptions on September 27, which is nearly eleven per cent of the

Church population, and by October 15 they had 72, or 15 per cent.

In connection with this work they were doing effective missionary labor, before the opening of the season. They had visited nearly every man who is of Mutual Improvement age in their ward, and their efforts in this direction are certainly commendable, and a good example to other Mutual Improvement officers in the Church. Superintendent John

T. Roberts writes that the satisfaction they received from



ROYAL J. MURDOCK.



LEO N. RICHARDS.

their labors is worth all the effort they put forth, and they rejoice in the work accomplished, not so much from the goodly number of subscribers they obtained, as in the fact that the Lord blessed them in meeting with the young men of their ward, and in feeling that the spirit of the gospel is still with the young men of Zion, and that they are willing to assist with their means the institutions of the Church. 'President Murdock and Counselor Richards,' says Superintendent Roberts, 'have been connected with the Second ward Y. M. M. I. A. for two years past, and have been able to get five per cent of the ward population for the past two volumes; but this did not satisfy them, and, as President Murdock expresses himself, 'Most people will not follow you up asking that they may subscribe; but if you will go after them and take their names, it is an easy matter to get subscribers.' I am

not informed just what other wards of the stake are doing along this line, but feel confident that our share of the 15,000 will be forthcoming."

Superintendent Preston D. Richards, of the Granite stake, reports that on Monday, October 14, all the wards in that stake had secured five per cent, as subscribers, and many of the wards more.

In this connection, the second ward of Rexburg should also be named, as its officers had secured nearly five per cent as early as the 1st of October. What one ward and stake can do, all the others may. It is a matter of getting at it in the right way. From the encouraging reports received, we are confident volume XI will reach the 15,000 mark. Have you done your part?

PLANNED WORK.

At the stake convention held in Pocatello, September 8, Elder Noah S. Pond, of the Stake presidency, read the following paper. It is full of good counsel, is an inspiration to systematic effort, and its advice applies not only to M. I. A. work and workers, but also to other affairs of life, and to laborers in other directions. The person who would succeed may gather this motto from its teachings: "Plan your work, then work your plan:"

Planned work implies system. System does not mean an endless amount of red tape, but rather the attainment of a desired aim, the accomplishment of proper result by the shortest possible route. Discreet and wise adjustment of means to ends will bring success. All work, reforms or revolutions must be wisely planned and carefully executed, if they are to be effectual. History shows very generously that no great epoch in thought or morals has shown signal success which has not been minutely marked out, and which was not duly adjusted to antecedents and consequents. The records of the past abound with premature and belated efforts to accomplish a great good, all of which came to naught because the details were not properly planned.

We must not want the end without the means. We must not expect the harvest before the planting of the seed and the growth thereof. We must not expect victory before the battle. The laws of nature and of Providence, too, are true to the logic of events. Antecedents always precede consequents: premises must go before conclusion; causes before results.

(a) Value and Necessity of Regular Officers' Meetings and Persistent Missionary Work.

Were I honored with the call as president of a Mutual Improvement Association, I would labor earnestly for the establishment of regular and systematic officers' meetings. By being prompt and regular myself, I could reasonably well urge similar fidelity on the part of every other officer. Adopt an order of business

for the purpose of methodically disposing of each necessary feature of your work: (1) Opening exercises in which each officer should participate in singing. And sing with the desire for improvement, development, and the good that comes from the power of example. (2) Prayer in which the aid of our Heavenly Father would be invoked in our work. (3) Reading of minutes. (4) Correspondence. Read all letters from stake or general boards. Discuss their contents and properly dispose of all important features. (5) Reports. (a) Membership. (b) Missionary work. (c) ERA subscriptions, Manuals, funds. (d) Amusements. (6) Miscellaneous. (7) Dismissal.

(b) Preliminary Programs and Manual Work.

Appoint a live and capable program committee. Choice recreative, intellectual programs will be found first class inducements for prompt attendance and increased enrollment. I suggest close adherence to outlines in our last year's Manual, as follows, with one addition:

1. Devotional Exercises—Singing and prayer.
2. Literary Exercises—Story, recitation, essay, extemporaneous speaking or reading.
3. Musical Exercises—Vocal solos, duets, quartettes, instrumental, congregational singing of hymns.
4. Current Events—Political, social, scientific progress.
5. Parliamentary Practice—Successfully resolving entire audience into a parliamentary body with capable chairman and leaders on the floor, will be found highly interesting and instructive practice for thirty minutes.

Invite assistance of class leaders in mapping out manual work.

(c) Adopt Systematic Methods for Obtaining and Distributing Manuals.

Ascertain as near as possible the number that may be in attendance at opening of the season's work and have sufficient Manuals on hand at that meeting. Endeavor to have each young man purchase a Manual. This will not only add interest and numbers to the enrollment, but will also prove an opening wedge in many instances in securing subscribers for the ERA, when the young men are informed that they receive this valuable treatise free by subscribing for the ERA.

(d) Give a Synopsis of Contents of Senior and Junior Manuals.

We are requested to give a synopsis of that which we have not yet reviewed or seen. But from the report of Elder E. H. Anderson, before the young men's recent annual conference, we learn that the Senior Manual is entitled "Spiritual Growth," and "will consist of about twenty lessons on spiritual topics, showing that 'Mormonism' is a reasonable and natural religion. Prayer, its meaning and what it has accomplished in the history of the world, will be presented in two lessons." Definition: "Prayer is spiritual communion in which the children of our Father may with hearts, heads, and destinies united, go up into the mountain of Transfiguration, and bring to earth the Kingdom of Heaven."

Were I to venture mention of some examples which may be presented in the Manual, or used in connection with it, I would name such illustrious characters as Adam, Moses, Joshua, David, Solomon, Daniel, Peter and John, Paul and Silas, our beloved Savior, all of Biblical fame. In secular history no more beautiful picture of supplication can be presented than that of the "Father of our Country," Washington, in solitude upon bended knees, in the forests of Fort Putnam and Valley Forge, in 1777-8, a period which "sorely tried men's souls," imploring Divine aid for preservation and freedom of our country and cause. In Ecclesiastical history, the life-long prayer of the priest and patriot, Savonarola, "Lord, teach me the way thou wouldst have my soul to walk," is another beautiful example.

In our own day the prayers of the Prophet Joseph Smith stand pre-eminent, the fervor and sincerity of which drew from the heavens the Father and Son, and these, with angelic personages, became the prophet's tutors.

Succeeding lessons will present reasons for Church organizations and their effect on spiritual growth. Ordinances in the Church, and loyalty to the priesthood will be shown to be growth in the right direction. One lesson will present the advantage, wisdom and practicability of counsel. Personal experiences and testimonies from Church works will be considered. The history and value of tithing will be the topic of two lessons. A third lesson will adduce testimony from mediaeval and modern history. What chastity is and its effects will be interestingly presented in two lessons. Another lesson will deal with fasting and show how this principle promotes spiritual communion. Offerings to the poor and general love for humanity, chastity and the strength that is derived therefrom will be subjects for concluding discussions.

From this brief and imperfect synopsis it will be readily seen and freely conceded that this year's manual, with its wealth of inspiring suggestions, will out-class its predecessors, and through the net results of its mental and spiritual feastings, may be declared "the best one of them all."

May we welcome its advent and be blessed in the perusal of its contents.

The Junior Manual is a reproduction of 1902-1903, containing eighteen lessons on "The Acts of the Apostles," their endowment, labors in and beyond Jerusalem; persecutions through which they passed; conversion of Saul; why they were taken to the Gentiles; missionary journeys and imprisonments; Saul's defense before the Jewish council; Felix and Festus.

(e) Select Proficient Class Leaders and Urge them to Develop Interest in the Classes.

Were I selected as a class leader in a Mutual Improvement Association, I would accept the honor as a compliment to my ability. not in the egotism of my soul, but in the gratitude of my heart, and God being my helper, would lend every effort to the successful discharge of this educational responsibility. Interest is most quickly developed where the best and most earnest thought is gathered, concentrated, and focused upon the subject matter before a class. It is said that

we may scatter the contents of a powder keg upon an area of twelve or fifteen square feet, and when exploded it will be nothing more than a harmless flare, but imprison the same amount of powder in a rock, and when it explodes the concussion will be great enough to blow to atoms forty tons of granite.

(f) *Create Enthusiasm among the Officers and Inspire Them with the Spirit of the Work.*

Enthusiasm is a prime quality needed in men of activity. It is born of energy and the consciousness of power. Enthusiasm is one of the characteristics in the accomplishment of great things, and has always manifested itself wherever great work was done; whether in silent, studious research, or in the pressure of the thunders of war; whether in the workshop, in the field, at the desk, on the platform or the battlefield, it is the same enthusiasm which conquers all. No man is so poor as he who has lost or expended all his enthusiasm. Luther's enthusiasm won for him his high place in history. Agassiz was led by enthusiasm to the trackless forests of the Amazon and the towering rocks of the Alps. The deep meditation of Newton, the gigantic calculations of Keppler, the valuable discoveries of Faraday, the heroic inventions of Galileo and Herschel were all aided by this wonderful element of enthusiasm. What would have been the result had Washington, Longfellow, or Gladstone been devoid of enthusiasm in their work? What of Hannibal, the Carthaginian, or Julius Cæsar, the Roman? Not even sickness, poverty or disaster, could cool or kill the enthusiasm of Palissy, the potter. Enthusiasm was one of the elements which led Elihu Burritt from the forge and anvil to the mastery of forty languages. It sustained John Bunyan, while he wrote the *Pilgrim's Progress* within prison walls.

Cæsar's enthusiasm created bravery in the face of peril. Through it he smote the Helvetians and subdued Gaul, suppressed insurrections as they arose; forced his way into all the strongholds of his enemies; crossed the Rhine upon a bridge of his own building; passed into Britain and penetrated the Thames.

After eight years of continuous war, in which he never lost a battle, he returned to his own beloved Italy to fight with equal enthusiasm one of the bloodiest of civil wars. His enthusiasm glorified all his accomplishments, and his career closed at last with the high honor of martyrdom for the liberty of Rome's downtrodden people. May the fire of enthusiasm be kindled in the hearts of all mutual workers, to our ultimate success and our Father's glory. Amen.

Pocatello, Idaho.

CHANGES IN STAKE SUPERINTENDENTS.

George A. Taggart has been appointed superintendent of Morgan stake, Utah, Y. M. M. I. A., to succeed C. M. Croft; George T. Crosby, Jr. of the St. Joseph

stake, Arizona, to succeed W. T. Webb, who was released July 27; Charles A. Hardy, of Vernal, Uintah stake, to succeed Elder David Bennion; H. E. Maxfield, of Fremont, Wayne stake, to succeed M. W. Maxfield of Teasdale, Utah; Edward M. Ashton, 984 Lincoln Avenue, Salt Lake City, of Liberty stake, to succeed Louis Iverson; Walter Hogan, of Thatcher, Idaho, of Bannock stake, to succeed Harry Horsley, of Soda Springs; Rodney Hiram, Jr., 129 C street, Salt Lake City, of Ensign stake, to succeed Mathoninah Thomas; Wm. H. Lovesey, of Pocatello stake, Idaho, to succeed Elvin J. Norton; Preston D. Richards, of Granite stake, to succeed W. C. Winder. The superintendents and their addresses are as follows:

Alberta—William O. Lee, Cardston, Alberta, Canada
 Alpine—George N. Child, Lehi, Utah
 Bannock—Walter Hogan, Thatcher, Idaho
 Bear Lake—Edward Saxton, Paris, Idaho.
 Beaver—Hyrum M. White, Beaver, Utah
 Benson—Parley N. Nelson, Richmond, Utah
 Big Horn—John H. Hinckley, Cowley, Wyoming
 Bingham—Robert Andrus, Aka, Idaho, Idaho Falls R. D., No. 2
 Blackfoot—T. J. Bennett, Shelley, Idaho
 Box Elder—Ernest P. Horsley, Brigham City, Utah
 Cache—A. E. Cranney, Logan, Utah
 Cassia—Albert M. Merrill, Oakley, Idaho
 Davis, North—Hubert C. Burton, Kayville, Utah
 Davis, South—Jos. F. Tingey, Centerville, Utah
 Emery—Louis P. Oveson, Cleveland, Utah
 Ensign—Rodney Hiram, Jr., 129 C Street, Salt Lake City
 Fremont—George E. Hyde, Rexburg, Idaho
 Granite—Preston D. Richards, 1935 9th East Street, Salt Lake City
 Hyrum—D. M. Bickmore, Paradise, Utah
 Jordan—Joshua P. Terry, Draper, Utah
 Juarez—George S. Romney, Colonia Juarez, Chihuahua, Mexico
 Kanab—Heber J. Meeks, Orderville, Utah
 Liberty—Edward M. Ashton, 984 Lincoln Avenue, Salt Lake City
 Malad—Richard Hill, Malad, Idaho
 Maricopa—Mahonri A. Stewart, Mesa, Arizona
 Millard—John A. Beckstrand, Meadow, Utah
 Morgan—George A. Taggart, Morgan, Utah
 Nebo—Samuel E. Taylor, Payson, Utah
 North Sanpete—Hans P. Hansen, Fairview, Utah
 Oneida—Arthur W. Hart, Preston, Idaho
 Panguitch—John E. Steele, Panguitch, Utah
 Parowan—Samuel E. Jones, Cedar City, Utah
 Pioneer—Edward H. Eardley, 412 So. First West Street, Salt Lake City
 Pocatello—William H. Lovesey, Pocatello, Idaho
 Salt Lake—George Q. Morris, 21-23 W. South Temple Street, Salt Lake City

St. George—David H. Morris, St. George, Utah
 St. Johns—C. S. Love, Eagar, Arizona
 St. Joseph—George T. Crosby, Safford, Arizona
 San Juan—Albert R. Lyman, Grayson, Utah
 San Luis—Erastus A. Neilson, Sanford, Colorado
 Sevier—Christian Peterson, Glenwood, Utah
 Snowflake—Joseph W. Smith, Snowflake, Arizona
 South Sanpete—Lewis R. Anderson, Manti, Utah
 Star Valley—Brigham D. Gardner, Thayne, Utah
 Summit—George E. Wilkins, Peoa, Utah
 Taylor—Mark H. Brimhall, Raymond, Alberta, Canada
 Teton—Walter H. Durrant, Briggs, Idaho
 Tooele—John A. Lindberg, Tooele, Utah
 Uintah—Charles A. Hardy, Vernal, Utah
 Union—E. Z. Carbine, La Grande, Oregon
 Utah—E. S. Hinckley, Provo, Utah
 Wasatch—John T. Roberts, Heber City, Utah
 Wayne—H. E. Maxfield, Fremont, Utah
 Weber—John L. Herrick, Ogden, Utah
 Woodruff—T. J. Brough, Lyman, Wyoming.

RECORDS AND ROLL BOOKS.

Elder Rudger Clawson said in a recent M. I. A. general conference:

“Anything that is worth doing is worth doing well, and anything that is worth doing well is worthy of being reported, and if it is worthy of being reported, it is worthy of preservation. I wish to emphasize that point. In some associations, pains are taken to get a record, but after it is completed it is laid aside and lost. I would like to say a word in relation to the roll book. In many instances, the roll book is kept without dates of the meetings or even the year—that is a bad oversight, and should be corrected. I would like to emphasize the statement that in all cases, record books should be kept, and that they should be well bound so they can be preserved. The time may come when the historian will want to write up a general history of the Mutual Improvement organization, and will come to these records in the various stakes of Zion and in the various wards; and if the records are lost, or if the information is incomplete in the records, they will not be of much service.”

The General Board have prepared a minute book, on sale at the ERA office, which is of great assistance to the secretaries in their work. Has your association one? It is well for the stake officers to look into the matter of rolls and records, and see that they are kept so that reports can be made on a moment's call.

EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

BY EDWARD H. ANDERSON.

New Member of the Quorum of the Twelve.—Elder Anthony W. Ivins, president of Juarez stake, Mexico, has been nominated, sustained and ordained one of the Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, to fill the vacancy in the Quorum of Twelve, caused by the death of Elder George Teasdale. His name was accepted by the quorum of Twelve Apostles, then presented to and sustained by the Church at the seventy-eighth semi-annual conference, Sunday, October 6, 1907. Anthony Woodward Ivins, son of Israel Ivins and Anna Lowrie, was born at Toms River, Ocean county, New Jersey, September 16, 1852, and a year later came to Utah with his parents, who remained in Salt Lake City until 1861, when the family removed to St. George. His education was obtained in the public schools. From an early age he has been accustomed to practical labor; and he has been a Church worker from the first. As early as 1875, he performed a mission to Mexico, exploring, with his companions, the Salt River Valley, the Little Colorado River country, and northern Chihuahua and all the section of country where the Latter-day Saints are now settled, in Mexico.

His second mission was to the Navajo and Pueblo Indians, in Arizona and New Mexico, in 1878. The year following, he became an active officer in the Y. M. M. I. A. of St. George, presiding first over the fourth ward, and later over the consolidated associations. He became a High Councilor in St. George stake in 1881, and in 1888, the first counselor in the stake presidency. In 1895, he was chosen president of the Juarez stake, Mexico, which was organized on the 9th of December. From that time on he has resided in Colonia Juarez, conducting the affairs of his stake with marked ability.

In political matters, he has been no less active. He served in St. George as constable, city councilor, attorney and mayor; in the county, as deputy sheriff and prosecuting attorney; and in the state, as representative to the legislature in 1894, as a member of the state constitutional convention of 1895; and as government Indian agent for the Shebit Indians for two years. He gave satisfaction in every position. As in Church and political affairs, he has had wide and success-

ful experience in business. As manager of the Mojave Land and Cattle company, and the Kiabab Cattle company of Utah and Arizona, and at present vice-president and general manager of the Mexican Colonization and Agricultural company, he has shown persistent push, wise judgment, careful management and many other pre-eminent business qualifications that stamp him a successful man of affairs. His practical, wide and varied business, ecclesiastical, and colonizing experiences fit him specially for the exalted calling which he now occupies as one of the Twelve. Besides these qualifications, he is an energetic student, and a fluent and effective public speaker, and he is not unknown to readers of the ERA as a writer. He is a practical, influential man of the people, in possession of deep sympathy for the masses, and in full enjoyment of the spirit and power of the gospel of Jesus Christ as a redeeming and uplifting force in the world. He can lasso and brand a steer with the roughest cowboy; or hold his own side by side with the hardiest sons of toil; yet, as a father under the refining influences of home, as a member of society, an able minister in the house of worship, or a counselor and leader among the people, he commands the attention and admiration of all classes.

Oklahoma.—By a vote of about three to one, the constitution of the state of Oklahoma was adopted at an election held September 17. The clause which extends over the entire state the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors, already provided for in Indian Territory, was adopted by a majority of about 30,000; and the whole Democratic state ticket, with Charles N. Haskell for governor, was elected by a plurality of about 20,000. Four out of five congressmen were elected by the Democrats, who have also a large majority in the legislature which will choose two United States senators. The action of the legislature is foreshadowed by the primaries held last June, at which Robert L. Owen, who is one-eighth Cherokee, a graduate of Washington and Lee University, a teacher, an editor, a banker, lawyer, and an Indian agent to the Five Tribes; and Thomas P. Gore, a brilliant young blind man, were elected for senators. Charles Carter, who is one-fourth Chickasaw Indian, and also has some Cherokee Indian blood, a Democrat, farmer and stockman, is Congressman-elect from the 4th Oklahoma District.

But this man Thomas P. Gore will interest young men, for according to biographies printed of him he has probably overcome a greater physical handicap to achieve success than any other national figure in the history of our country. He is 37 years of age, and totally blind. When eight years of age he was struck in the eye by a playmate, and at eleven years of age, while serving as a page in the Mississippi state senate, he was struck in his remaining eye with the arrow of a cross-bow. But undaunted, he went on with his studies, entering college at sixteen, where he asked no favors, and graduated with distinction. In June, 1892, he graduated from the law school of Cumberland University, Tenn. In 1902, he was elected to the territorial senate, and in the campaign last summer stumped the state and convinced the people, by his ready wit, his iron memory, and his remarkable eloquence, that he would be of more use to the people in the national senate than the millionaire banker, or the wealthy attorney, who were his opponents in what is pronounced "a heated and acrimonious campaign." If the legislature shall follow instructions, his election to the senate is practically assured.

Mr. Gore owes much of his educational success to a fellow class- and room-mate, Charles H. Pittman, who, during the long college years, studied aloud at all times so that his blind companion could follow the daily tasks.

Why does Oklahoma have five Congressmen? you ask. Because it is shown, by the recently completed census, that the state has a population of 1,408,732. It has grown to this number since 1900, when Indian Territory and Oklahoma, which two former territories now compose the new state, had a population of 790,391. The enabling act gives the state five, but the population really entitles it to seven representatives, on the basis of the present apportionment. The state is big in area, also; for it is estimated that the whole of New England could be set down in Oklahoma, and yet leave a fringe of territory amounting to nearly 4,000 square miles.

President Roosevelt's Trip Through the Middle West.—On Sunday evening, September 29, President Roosevelt left Washington for an extended trip through the Middle West. He stopped first at Canton where he delivered an address at the dedication of the McKinley monument. He sailed down the Mississippi river from Keokuk, where he met many governors and addressed the people, to Memphis, on the typical, old-fashioned stern-wheel steamer *Mississippi* as a guest of the Inland Waterways Commission. This journey was made to accentuate the government's increasing interest in the preparing and maintenance of a deep water highway from the Lakes to the Gulf. It is pointed out that the opening of the Panama canal will give to the Mississippi the opportunity of transporting perhaps one-fifth of our nation's commerce. At St. Louis the governors of eighteen states greeted and, with the people, eagerly welcomed the President. Here, on October 2, he made an address in favor of deep-water transportation, and justified the Pacific cruise of our battle-ships. Arriving at Memphis at noon, October, 4, he delivered an address to a large crowd, and then took train for Lake Providence, Louisiana, in the cane-brake region, where his hunting camp was pitched, and where he spent a brief season of seclusion and sport.

The President's addresses on this journey are masterful expositions of the attitude of the government on wrong-doers of great wealth, on the control of corporations, the Pacific fleet, the value of a Mississippi deep-water way, the Panama Canal, business and justice, and his own estimation of the character of President McKinley.

Of the Panama Canal, he said that in August, 1,200,000 cubic yards were excavated, and at this rate, the actual digging could be finished in five or six years.

On wrongdoers of wealth he said:

At intervals during the last few months the appeal has been made to me not to enforce the law against certain wrongdoers of greath wealth, because to do so would interfere with the business prosperity of the country.

Whenever a serious effort is made to cut out what is evil in our political life, whether the effort takes the shape of warring against the gross and sordid forms of evil in some municipality, or whether it takes the shape of trying to secure the honest enforcement of the law as against very powerful and wealthy people, there are sure to be certain individuals who demand that the movement stop, because it may hurt business. In each case the answer must be that we

earnestly hope and believe that there will be no permanent damage to business from the movement, but that if righteousness conflicts with the fancied needs of business, then the latter must go to the wall.

I am as certain as I can be of anything that the course we are pursuing will ultimately help business; for the corrupt man of business is as great a foe to this country as the corrupt politician. Both stand on the same evil eminence of infamy. Against both it is necessary to war; and if, unfortunately, in either type of warfare, a few innocent people are hurt, the responsibility lies not with us, but with those who have misled them to their hurt.

McKinley Mausoleum Dedicated.—On September 30, at Canton, Ohio, the monument to William McKinley was dedicated, President Roosevelt attending. The cost of the monument was \$578,000 received in loving contributions from the people of the United States and many other countries. The bronze statue of President McKinley, which stands in front of the entrance to the great tomb, was unveiled by Miss Helen McKinley, the only sister of the late President. The pedestal supporting this statue bears the following inscription, the words of President Wheeler of the University of California, used in 1901, when the degree of LL. D. was conferred on President McKinley, at the time of his western journey:

William McKinley, President of the United States; a statesman singularly gifted to unite the discordant forces of the government and mould the diverse purposes of men toward progressive and salutary action; a magistrate whose poise of judgment was tested and vindicated in a succession of national emergencies; good citizen, brave soldier, wise executive, helper and leader of men, exemplar to his people of the virtues that build and conserve the State, society and the home.

Mrs. McKinley, the heroine of a great national love story, the sweetheart wife of the late president, was buried last May. It was her wish that she might live to see the monument completed, but this consolation was denied her. The site selected for the memorial is a half mile west of the receiving vault where the bodies of the President and his wife now lie, and not far from the original McKinley lot in West Lawn Cemetery.

"Not far away" says Joe Mitchell Chapple, "from the resting place of William McKinley and his wife lie their children. At the head of the two little graves is a bronze cherub upholding a basket of flowers; the figure seems the very emblem of immortality, and almost speaks aloud of victory over death and the grave. Just over the brook, its waters running 'smooth music from the roughest stone,' on the crest of the ridge, is the memorial. It is approached by circular terraces with spacious flights of steps, recalling a picture of some old Grecian temple. Before it is a lagoon whose tranquil waters lend the charm of a magical restfulness to the landscape. The memorial may be reached from the rear by two other stairways, and from the height one looks over the beautiful green hills and valleys, forests and lakes of Stark County."

Nebo Stake Tabernacle.—A new style of church architecture for this region, excepting, perhaps, Ogden, is the Nebo Stake tabernacle, recently completed at Payson, Utah, and to be dedicated at the stake conference this November. Its dimensions are 60x125 feet, not including towers and portico. The tow-

ers are 54 feet high. The auditorium is 58x123 feet, with a 28-foot ceiling. The exterior is of white pressed brick, and the wood is all of Oregon fir, except the flooring, which is of white maple. The pressed steel ceiling is colored white and gold, and the walls are a light green, making the color scheme white and gold and green. The building is seated with best grade pews, and furnished with electric lights, steam heating plant; and matting for the aisles. The acoustic



properties, tested by Elders George Albert Smith, Reed Smoot and the stake presidency, John S. Page, Jr, Hermon Lemon and Henry Gardner, are pronounced very good. The conveniences and comforts of the building are said to be much better than some tabernacles costing two or three times as much as this one. The cost of the completed building is \$22,000.

The Awakening.—Since the Japanese proved their ability to defeat the soldiers of a great European power on the battlefields, the more highly civilized peoples of Asia have had a great awakening, and as an outcome the agitation for self-rule is fast gaining momentum among them. In Bengal and Hindustan, there appears to be a spirit of inquiry as to why the triumph of Japan cannot be repeated elsewhere—and as a result there are omens of a desire for self-rule, accompanied by great unrest throughout India. It is called to mind that the seemingly fundamental step towards reclothing Japan with dignity and authority, after the extinction of the old rule, was the establishment of a constitution, and the introduction of a parliament. Persia seems to have been the first Asiatic nation to profit by the example, and that country's national assembly is now engaged in legislation. The Dowager Empress of China, said to be the most powerful

woman ruler in the world, now in her 73rd year, has announced her approval of many reforms in the administration of the Chinese Empire. She recently ordered the council of state to prepare plans for the admission of her subjects to a share in the national government, at no distant date. Hence, it is not surprising that the more advanced natives of India should begin to enquire of Britain why they also may not take part in legislation relating to their own affairs. To this end the Hindus have called an "Indian National Congress," and the Mohammedans of India, who constitute the largest Islamic community on the face of the earth, have organized an "All Indian Moslem League" with the avowed purpose of preparing a constitution providing for a national parliament to be finally presented for approval to the British government. The problem, in case their request is denied, which there is good reason to believe it will be as long as the House of Lords has a voice in the matter, is one of dreadful gravity. Why? Because, in the Indian empire there is perhaps less than three million Christians, including soldiers and civilians, against a mixed mass of 207,000,000 Hindus, 62,000,000 Mohammedans, and 22,000,000 Buddhists, Jains, Sikhs, Animists, etc. These three hundred millions have been resigned and quiescent since the insurrection of 1857, but now there are signs of upheaval among them which may well excite the profound misgivings of the rulers; this, notwithstanding that the classes or kinds of people may not be united, for each agitation is on so huge a scale that it may prove formidable in itself. Owing first to the new Anglo-Russian treaty, and second to the fact that the artillery is exclusively in British hands, there is little hope that an uprising could hope for success, but strikes and boycotts of English goods might be inaugurated, which would mean destruction to many British manufactures, and this alone is causing many English residents much anxiety.

The Bear and the Lion Lie Down Together.—A new treaty, recently published, between Russia and Great Britain clearly defines the interests of the two countries in Central Asia, and if carried out sincerely by both parties will put a stop to the struggle over Central Asia which has been going on between the two powers for a large part of the last half century. It is reported that the hope of Russia to gain the head of the Persian Gulf by rail, and so obtain an ice free sea port, is now, on account of the treaty, definitely abandoned. India is thus completely fenced by buffer states which Russia for the first time explicitly agrees not to invade. On the other hand, Great Britain acknowledges the importance of Russia's commercial interests in Northern Persia, and practically sacrifices all that was supposed to have been gained by Col. Younghusband's invasion of Tibet. The action practically allies France with the two great powers, and closes Germany out from another concert of the Powers, and she will probably on that account be checked in her commercial advance into Persia. Another result is the practical ending of the Japanese alliance with Britain which country, being freed from fear of Russian invasion of India, against which the Japs had promised to assist, finds the Japanese alliance no longer so necessary. A neutral strip in Persia is provided, into which the Russian sphere from the north and the British sphere from the south are not to be extended. The predominant British interests in the Gulf of Persia are not explicitly recognized in the convention, but as nothing appears to be

said against them, the English will doubtless continue to enjoy the present privileges. Afghanistan is practically placed under British tutelage. Both countries agree to treat with Tibet only through the Chinese government.

Utah State Fair.—One of the best, it is safe to say the best—state fairs ever held in Utah closed a six-days' run on October 5. Better, more important and more numerous manufacturing exhibits were never before witnessed in the history of the fair association. The stock and other animal exhibits were very interesting and satisfactory. The fruit and farm industries, showed market strides of progress since the fair of two years ago. The exhibits and promises of dry farming were grand revelations. There were more buildings, more room, better preparation, than ever before. The amusements were not overlooked, and the horse-racing drew bigger crowds and got more praise than usual. The mining industry, strange to say, was nearly lacking, and the art exhibit, though good could be largely improved. The attendance broke all previous records. On Friday 40,000 people attended, and on the last day 25,000, while the total attendance was 137,000 against 51,500 in 1905. All told, there are \$20,000 to the good from gate receipts. The directors decided to hold a fair next year, to make the mining exhibit a feature, to improve the entrance accommodations, and to add attractive features to every division and amusement for 1908. President J. G. McDonald and Secretary H. S. Ensign were delighted with the fair's success, and promise greater things for the future.

The First Aerogram.—There were failures in Wall Street, political troubles, personal and domestic tragedies, strikes, and other important items that filled the news columns of the daily papers on Thursday, October 17; but no event approached in importance the fact that on this day the Marconi Wireless Telegraphy Company began sending trans-Atlantic wireless messages between Canada and Great Britain. The first message was sent by Sir Wilfred Laurier, Premier of Canada, congratulating the British people on the new means of communication between Great Britain and Canada. The message was received without a flaw in the office at Clifden, Ireland, and flashed from there to every newspaper in the kingdom. The rate per word for Atlantic messages is ten cents. Think of sending accurately twenty words a minute, three thousand miles, through the air, without a wire to guide them! It is not only a stupendous scientific feat, but an epoch-making marvel, one of the most wonderful achievements of man recorded in history!

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IMPROVEMENT ERA, NOVEMBER, 1907.

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